"THE TEMPLE THEATRE MYSTERY," MOST EXTRAORDINARY. NEXT WEEK

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THE HEART OF THE RED PRINCESS;

A Tale of a Hidden City.

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CHAPTER I.

THE REASON OF IT ALL.

Sixty-five years old! Almost have I reached the age which the poet king of Israel placed as the limit of human life, but by the help of God and the loved ones who still are with me I hope to add another ten or twenty years to my life before it shall be completed. Yet I am old and the future is uncertain, so I wish to tell my life before I grow so weak in mind and body that I cannot tell it as it should be told.

In the quiet peacefulness of my Chicago home, when the summer's long twilight throws a halo of softness over the whole world and while I watch my grandchildren playing under the trees, my mind slowly travels backward thirty, forty years. Slowly from the dim and half-remembered hiding places come visions of things that happened long ago. As my neglected pipe closes its glowing eye, the pictures in my mind begin to brighten, and with an almost imperceptible rush there come back to me all the incidents of that time so long ago which brought me so much happiness.

Forty years ago! It seems by count a long, long time, but to me it is as but yesterday and all the succeeding changes of life are only dreams which make a golden frame for the picture of that time. My tale is one which no other living person knows. She and Val knew it, but they are gone to their higher and better life among the stars. Soon, perhaps, I shall join them, but before I go I shall leave the story to her daughter and to my little grandchildren that in later years they may read it, and wonder that their grandfather was so blessed.

The art of story telling is not mine. When I have a tale to tell the thing comes out quickly and with no round embellishments. I do not know how to keep back for the last the key to the tale—the climax put off and postponed until it seems to be lost. So I tell my story in a sentence. She was a princess from the South and she left her kingdom of power for me and a kingdom of love. So, having told the greatest of all the tale—the result—I relate the details.

CHAPTER II.

WE START FOR THE RED LAND.

We sat upon the deck watching the city of Charlestown slowly fading from sight as the ship sailed out into the sea. Val and I were quiet, Jake, my former slave, just behind us, was loquacious as usual. The schooner upon which we had taken passage for Vera Cruz still bore the marks of the great conflict between the North and South, for it had been a blockade runner, and scarcely a year had passed since General Lee had handed his sword to Grant and the battered remnants of the Confederate army had been paroled by the generous Union commander. Our home before the war had been in Charlestown and our plantations in the surrounding country. The war had changed all things, however, and my father and mother were in Chicago, Val's father had been killed during the conflict, following his wife into the great beyond. Charlestown still was the home of our hearts, however, and we were bidding it good-by, perhaps forever.

"Presently Val turned to me with a gesture of impatience.

"I hope, Graham," he said, "this wild goose chase of ours after the people of the Red Land and their wonderful gold mines will not be the death of us. Let's see the carving."

I laughed quietly as I handed him an exquisite bit of gold carving which I carried in a leather bag fastened about my neck. It was rectangular in shape, two inches long and an inch wide. Fantastic figures and lines screened and recrossed its four sides. One end was jagged as though it had been broken from a larger piece. The other end was smooth.

Val examined the carving critically for several moments. Then with a sigh of resignation he asked:

"Tell me the story of James Gray again."

"All of it?" I asked.

"Yes, the whole thing, Mr. James Graham."

"All right, Mr. Percy Percival Victor, American by birth, French by descent and appearance, and adventurer by the force of my persuasive tongue.

"Don't put on too many frills before you commence the story," he growled.

Val's six feet of perfect manhood lounged on the deck, for we had discarded the uncomfortable chairs the captain had provided for us, and I began:

"Well, you know when we came back from that fruitless mission to Spain after selling our cotton in London, my restlessness was satisfied so long as I was with father and the army of Virginia. After Lee's surrender and we went back to the plantation to try to save something from the wreck, I began to tire of the life and eagerly accepted the invitation of my uncle in New Orleans, to come and live with him awhile. I was the more ready to go because I understood he would leave me all his property, and it is considerable, on his death."

"Yes, I know all about that, Jack. You are a rover, always have been and probably always will be. Tell me how you met Gray and what he told you about the people of the Red Land," Val interrupted.

I gave his black curly hair a yank before continuing:

"My uncle, you know, is an ardent supporter of the Cuban Junta—in fact, is a member of the crowd of American sympathizers who are banded together for the purpose of securing freedom for the sunkissed, king-cursed island. He permitted me to accompany him one night to a meeting of the conspirators who were to receive a messenger from a wealthy Cuban planter. Gray was that messenger. After the meeting my uncle brought him home and we soon became great friends. I accompanied him twice on secret visits to Cuba and was becoming greatly interested in the revolutionary business, thinking that I would be my chance to prove the truth of my ancestor's prophecy to Charles II, that one of his descendants would drag another of "Heaven's anointed ruler's from an earthly throne," when Gray was bitten by a snake and died within six hours."

"Ugh!" Val shuddered.

I paid no attention to the interruption.

"During the six months of our intimacy Gray had talked a great deal to me about the ancient people of Mexico and had taught me many obsolete Spanish-Mexican words and phrases. Had I not been so interested in Cuba I might have gotten the fever to start for Mexico. Just before his death Gray handed me this piece of gold and a manuscript upon which he had been working for some weeks. He said brokenly as he bade me farewell:

"'Read it—don't fudge me harshly. Take this gold—use it—if you—can—with my blessing.'"

I paused while Val raised his head and rested his chin upon his hand.

"Shall I read Gray's story again?" I asked. He nodded, and Jake crept closer.

CHAPTER III.

I read Gray's manuscript, Val and Jake

listening intently and neither moving.

"This is a strange tale I am about to tell, Mr. Graham, and I had not expected to tell it," ran the manuscript. "I have come to be fond of you and should I die before accomplishing my ambitions I shall leave to you all the knowledge concerning these things which I have, so that, if you wish to do what I had hoped to do, you can be in a position to try. After you have read this you will understand why I have taken so frequently with you about the ancient people of Mexico. William Gray is not my real name, nor am I English, as my accent as it might indicate, but the name will do.

"Journeying from the mythical home in Hustan (Egyptian the Nahuan people, to which belonged the Toltec nation, came to Tollan under the leadership of Huemac, priest of Huemac. Huemac was subsequently called Quetzalcoatl, a name bestowed from the people to the south. During the reign of the first king of Tollan a meeting of the sages was held, presided over by the aged Hueman, then three hundred years old. At this meeting was prepared the Teoamoxtli—the Book of Gods—comprising the Nahuan annals from the creation of the flood, and then on, the religious rites, system of government, laws, social customs, all knowledge of agriculture, arts and sciences, reckoning of time, and the interpretation of hieroglyphics. At the end was a chapter of prophecies. In ten cycles great calamities would befall the people; the kingdom would be destroyed by civil wars and the king driven out; for which reason should escape annihilation those of divine wrath was reserved when a foreign people from the east would come in the cycles after the destruction of the country.

"That before the invasion of these foreign people the few remaining followers of Huemac, guided by an ancient chart and a prophecy left Tollan and came to a beautiful lake among the mountains in the country of the Mixtecs. Here they stopped and made their home in the Iza Kanal, as were here the ships in which they built around the shores of the mirror-like lake which had no inlet, was called Chapasco. Because this country was rich in gold and precious stones and birds of beautiful plumage, Chapasco was attracted the attention of the Toltec empire, which arose upon the ruin of the Nahuan empire. The Chapascans were forced to pay tribute, but this disgrace was lessened when one of the Toltec princesses was given to the king of Chapasco for his wife. In the course of the last of the Chapascans, a small tribute was paid the Aztec empire, but the Chapascans were far from the royal court of the Aztecs and knew little of these people. Chapasco now is walled around almost completely shut off from the world. I am the only person who has come out from it in four hundred years, and some day soon I'll go back.

"This is the reason. Four centuries ago, shortly after the conquest of Mexico made by Cortes, there came to Chapasco one of Cortes's most intimate soldiers. With him came his brother, a Jesuit priest seeking a place where he might live in peace and quiet and find opportunity to purify then fit the world he had left behind. Hidden among the mountains, and with the secret of the cavalier was satisfied with the secrecy of Chapasco. On the north and west the walls of the mountains were smooth and perpendicular for a thousand feet down and nothing could climb over to the city, but on the south and east the country was more open. On these two sides, after years of labor, there was built several hundred feet high was built, without gates or doors, so that there was completely shut off and hidden from the world.

"The people of Chapasco received the cavalier and priest as messengers from Huemac. The priest told them the story of Christ, who was not more than a day's from that of Huemac. He taught them the Spanish tongue that they might better understand his teachings. The cavalier married the daughter and only child of the reigning prince.

"Never was the ancient religion of Huemac completely destroyed. The people of Chapasco intermixed and intermingled it with that of the gospel, and for two hundred years rolled by the old faith began to grow more strong. The Chapascans have never needed another coming of Huemac and still expect him. He will return to take charge of his faithful people and live with them and rule over them with love and kindness. He is to be tall and fair, with long curling black hair and dark eyes and a soft, roundish beard. There are no gates that can get in or out, say the Chapascans, but when the time comes for Huemac to return there will be no difficulty which he cannot surmount.

"Two sons were born to the cavalier and priest before his father as prince of Chapasco. The younger was educated by the priest and succeeded him, but it happened all the four hundred years. Always there were two sons of the prince. When I came it was the youngest of three sons, and an intruder. They did not know what to do with me. They were afraid of me, afraid that I might wish to be either prince or priest. A long and stormy were the talks between between my father and his brother and the nobles of the city concerning my disposition. Often was it decided that I must die, but my mother's love saved me.

"I grew to a freedom and ambitious. I wanted to leave the city where I was nothing, but dared not. When I was eighteen I became acquainted with a secret which none but the priest and prince are allowed to know in the temple of Huemac, the temple which was built when the Children of the Mountain first came to the Red Land is a golden cross which Huemac left with his faithful people, the sacred city before which the people of the city had bowed down long before the coming of the priest, the cross which the priest permitted to remain in the temple when he first began to tell them the story of Christ. It has a cross above the legends, bent in the solid glass cube which encircles it now. One part of the left arm is broken off—taken, says the Book of God and the secret prophecies—by Huemac when he left it. Huemac retains this broken piece that his people may know him when he returns. The cross is covered all over with curious and fantastic figures.

"Once, while I was resting in the temple near the altar, I saw a day of hard study, my uncle, the priest, came in. He did not see me in the shadow and I watched him closely as he locked the door after him. Going to the back of the golden cross he touched a part of the glass cube—I marked the spot—and the back flew open. He went on his knees and I saw him pray, and I till it shone with new luster, and then came out.

"My blood boiled! I had a secret that would enable me to reach the highest pinnacle. I was tall and fair, my eyes were dark, my hair long and curling. I had no beard, but that could easily be remedied.

"When my uncle left the temple I crept from my hiding place. That night I visited the temple and, with some wax, opened the glass case and took an impression of the left arm and end of the cross. Then I left.

"I had been taught to carve, and all the time I could steal away from my guardians I spent in carving a piece of gold for the broken cross. After months of secret work it was finished, but could easily be removed. It was true, and risked discovery again. Another time my uncle caught me, but not until I had had an opportunity to secrete the gold carving.

"I was one of the nobles, presided over by my father and uncle, it was decided that I should be secretly educated. Only my father and uncle knew why; the nobles simply that I was to succeed to the throne. I was given a room in the Temple to await execution, but that night I escaped. They did not expect me directly after the ceremony, and I would not attempt to leave Chapasco. I was young and full of life. Here was my dream!

"I hurried to the place where I had hidden the gold carving and found it safe. I laughed. I would escape in some way, reached the temple, opened the wall and take the fearful risk on the rocks if I could find no other way out. Only I must have time. I was missed and the city was aroused. I fled wildly, and in my blindness stumbled against the side of the Nahuan.

"Back of the Temple and the royal palace in the city is a small stream, but only a small stream, the only outlet of the lake, which goes underground before it reaches the mountains. Into this I stepped, striking my head against a stone falling and being stunned for a moment. When I regained my senses I was in a cavern. The water was shallow and ran swiftly here.

"I climbed out of the water and followed the stream along the edge of the cavern. Three miles farther I came into the open air in the bottom of a deep ravine, and to the north of Chapasco. The sides of the ravine were steep and rocky and I decided not to attempt to climb for a way of escape before I found a rough fissure up the northern wall, which I ascended through this fissure. After hours of hard and dangerous work I reached the summit, my clothes torn and bleeding hands, and found myself upon the summit of the tall mountain and looking toward the north.

"I rested here until morning before attempting to get down from the mountain, an effort which was much more difficult than I had expected. It was two days and a third rest even far worse than the ascent from the ravine before I reached comparative safety on the smoother part of the mountain. I traveled by night and after eighteen days came to the City of Mexico.

"That was fourteen years ago, Graham. Since then I have roamed over the world trying to devise some manner of opposing the Catholic church, but at last I found I have amassed sufficient wealth, but something always intervened to keep me from it, but I have devoted myself to the cause of Cuba and until that is free I cannot consider myself free. I have a foreboding that I may lose my life before I do this work. Therefore I am now starting to the traditions, somewhere in the city of Chapasco wealth, precious have a secret vaults of the old princes of Chapasco. I believe it, or the entrance to the great treasure vaults is in the palace. The gold carving which I shall give you if I die, I give you now. Take it, and if you care to do this work, do it. You will have to see whether in good luck or misfortune, always remember kindly the old man who loved you.

"I cannot tell just where the hidden city is located, for it is in the mountains in northeast Mexico about three hundred miles from the city of Mexico. I have given definite directions, but you may recognize the mountain above Chapasco when you see it. It is the highest of all these hills around there, and the summit, from a distance, looks like a great stone bull set upon a slender neck. The upper third of the hill is rocky, the lower part dark with trees and vines. The stream is in the canyon on the south.

"Whatever religious scruples you may have need not worry you, for the religion of Chapasco is no longer that of Christ, but the old faith has triumphed, and the god Huemac whom they worship is the same as the Christian god, except that the story of the Spanish priest came to them with the story of Christ.

"God bless you, my boy!"

CHAPTER IV.

MOUNTAIN OF THE BALL OF STONE.

Val handed the gold carving to me when I had finished reading Gray's manuscript. The dear old fellow's sigh of relief that was so genuine I could not laugh at him as he said:

"I hope you won't drag me to my death, Jack, with this fool notion."

"Don't you want to go?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, of course I want to go, but I dislike the idea of trying to pain myself off as—the deep voice sank to a whisper—"Christ."

"Oh, nonsense, Val," I answered quickly. "It won't be that. At any rate we may be able to rock the thing simply as mere messengers."

"Maybe," He shook his head.

"Then look at the fun," I tried to cheer him up. "They haven't any firearms, only bows, daggers and clubs. It will be a great adventure, and not very dangerous."

"Oh, don't be a fool, Jack, my boy. Suppose the carving is not true when we spring it on them. How long do you think we'd last?"

"That's a risk we must take," I answered in a tone of finality. "I'm willing to take it, you are, and I know Jake is."

We said nothing more about our destination, and were silent until bedtime came.

Our trip to Vera Cruz was slow and uneventful and equally so was the land journey to the City of Mexico. In the latter place we bought three saddle horses and a pack horse and secured the services of a guide and driver to take us to Patzcuaro.

To the left lay Mexico, to our faces to the northwest. Val and I turned to take one long look at the beautiful city. It might be the last time and our hearts were heavy in spite of the things we thought. Jake's smiling face and features speedily shook off this feeling of sadness and we started on, Jake and Val riding, I driving.

We made a quick trip to Patzcuaro, where we hired another guide, a man familiar with the country and who promised to do our bidding for two months. He said he knew the location of the mountain of the Ball of Stone and knew where it was, although he had never seen it. He seemed perfectly satisfied that he could guide us directly to the mountain and his confidence soon inspired us.

On the fifth day we sighted the roundtopped mountain which stood high in the sunlight and glistening like a great ball of polished granite. We rode on, passed it, made a circuit and pitched our camp. There was no grass further up the slope and the guide took it straight to the north. We left him at the camp to look after the horses and take charge of that part of the outfit which we did not carry with us. We paid him some money and told him we were going after the top of the mountain, while he must wait at least seven days. If we failed to return by the end of this time but on each succeeding seventh day he must be at that very spot. He was to receive a written memorandum of the time and the manner in which he belongings as a payment for his services. I gave him a written memorandum of the time and the manner in which he belongings as a payment for his services. I gave him a written memorandum to forget or get into trouble should we attempt to dispose of the horses and outfits if we failed to return in the two months.

We started up the mountain, each carrying a rifle and two revolvers, a large hunting-knife, a lantern and as much food as we could carry. The gold carving I carried in a little leather sack suspended from a strap around my neck. We each wore a shirt of fine chain mail under our clothes. These I had bought in Spain and had brought safe with us on this trip thinking they might save our lives. Jake was walking stick, with some strong steel hooks for use in climbing the mountain, and each carried a pair of provisions completed our rather hea"y load.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

Gray had not exaggerated the difficulties of climbing the mountain of the Ball of Stone. When we reached the base and the foot of the long rock upon which was perched the ball of stone, it formed a smooth piece of granite rose high above us, a black mass. The night was cool and we had no difficulty sleeping.

At daylight we were up and looking eagerly at the rock on the south side of the mountain without scaling the top. To climb that steep seemed impossible, and we did not even try to make the attempt except as a last resort. Even Jake, who was more than a match for any man I have ever known or heard of and who had put to shame the best of the Swiss mountain climbers, acknowledged it was the smooth wall up which the ascent must be made.

The mountain was steep, however, for it was utterly impossible to pass around the base, and we began the ascent. Jake went back to our night camp, had breakfast and hunted for the best place to begin the climb. He was to take the rope in the lead, carrying a ball of cord in his pocket which he would drop as a sign with later, and make our ascent easier. He looked up, and as I turned to see it with a grin on his black face.

"You an' Marse Victor been pow'ful good ter me, Marse Jack, an' I gits kill I'se sorry an' hopes you won't miss me ve'y much when I'se gone. I'se a-goin'."

We laughed to hide our anxiety and to cheer him, and he started.

Many times that day we, standing far below him and watching him as he swung from rock to rock, Jake's last words had come. He seemed to be enveloped by the overhanging ball, until at last it seemed he had reached the end and could go no farther. By aid of our field glasses we could see him plainly as he clung to the wall, standing on a ledge no wide enough to hide half his feet, with his knees in a little depression against the sides of which he pressed, and one hand in a crack not two inches deep. He was turned backward so far that we could see only his back. To go farther he would be compelled to reach over the bulge and grope with one hand for a hold tight and strong enough to permit him to let go with the other hand, and hang suspended by one hand two hundred feet above the rocks. It seemed beyond human power, and yet it seemed equally impossible to return.

Val and I watched. We scarcely breathed, half fearing that by doing so we might startle Jake and make him fall. We expected, of course, that he would fall, and that was the end.

Slowly the black hand crept along the wall, out and up, so slowly that we could scarcely see it move. An inch, another, six, then a foot, and then over! We watched it move a foot, and then over! We watched it move forward and back seeking for something to grasp. Then it stopped, the arm grew stiff and the other hand left its resting place to follow its mate. Another moment of intense uncertainty passed, and the second hand had joined the first, the knees and feet left the wall and Jake swung by his hands, two hundred feet above the rocks!

The elbows began to bend. We could see the muscles in the arms swelling. Slowly the kinky head was raised closer and closer to the rock above it reached and closer to the rock. Then up over! Then the chin was over and all was still as Jake, clinging by his chin, rested his aching arms! He hung this way a moment, although to us it seemed an hour, and then tightened again and the head began its creeping upward journey again. The neck was released and the shoulder went over. Another second of rest and the feet swept across the rock and rested beside them as Jake swung himself up and over the bulge and out of our sight!

We grew calm and exhausted by the strain of watching the wonderful effort. I do not think there was a human man who would attempt such a thing, and I know there are few if any who could do it. Being lighter than Val, I climbed up first. Even with the ladder and rope I had difficulty in making the difficult climb and one I do not care to repeat.

We reached Jake's ledge and were not yet to the top, but the remainder of the climb was comparatively easy and we did not hesitate.

With our ropes we pulled up our baggage and then began the ascent from the top was rocky and steep, but we reached the summit. It was perfectly level and three hundred feet in diameter, before sunset.

We first looked down on the other side and saw a valley with relief when we saw the descent would be easy compared to our climb. Then we looked for the rock with where, if Gray's manuscript were true, we should see Chapasco.

We saw it. Across a deep and wide canyon and a thousand feet below lay the valley in the city of Chapasco, on a level tableland which seemed some fifteen miles in diameter. The valley was filled with the sun made it look like a city afire. Just below us was an area of a thousand acres of cultivated trees. Beyond these, which reached to the edge of the canyon, was a high wall, white as cross-like shape and built of polished marble that glistened in the sunlight. On either side of these, and to the north we identified as the palace and temple, and stretching along the canyon to the south, to where the other houses of the city proper. They seemed built of rough marble and limestone, and were numerous. In all the rest of the beautiful country, enclosed within the walls, we could see fields of corn, small farms, divided by stone fences, the dull red soil, turned up for the spring crops, telling that it was the rainy season in the country. Brown, low houses, built of adobe or sun-dried brick, with here and there a larger building of stone, marked the places of habitation. The young corn was already knee high. Of food, added a touch of shimmering, waving green to the red of the soil, which was the color of rust.

Judging as well as we could from the number of dwellings we supposed there were about five thousand persons inside the walls of Chapasco.

From this distance we could see people walking along the well-kept streets of the city, and we knew they were busy at their duty, and none for driving. The people walked in the middle of the narrow streets, and the sidewalks were reserved for them.

We watched the beautiful picture until our hunger reminded us that we had eaten little during the day, but had brought some food with us. Of this we used most for supper, for it was dark when we reached Chapasco and the people until the quick twilight which succeeded sunset had come to silence. We found shelter from the cold night air in what seemed to have been a small temple. How it got there some fifteen miles from the Ball of Stone. The descent was not nearly so difficult as the ascent had been, and by noon we were at the bottom. Here we were fortunate in killing several small birds from which we made a good dinner. Then we went up the canyon searching for the stream which would carry us into Chapasco, a search which was crowned with success two hours later.

The water looked cool and inviting as it

came from a small cave or opening on the side of the canyon. I led the way, Jake followed and Val brought up the rear, each of us carrying a lantern. A few feet in the cavern or channel of the stream widened and we were able to stand erect. The current was swift and our progress slow; so slow that it was three hours before we made three miles. At this point we saw a faint glow of light ahead. The sides and roof of the cavern came closer to the water. A few steps further on and there was scarcely room for our heads between the water and the roof.

The time had come for us to attempt a dive of uncertain length. Gray had been unconscious when he had gone through the place coming out, and so did not know how long the road might be. I had always prided myself on my diving abilities, and I knew that Val would follow me and push Jake along.

So we started, but it is difficult to walk in water and doubly so when one's head is under and one must crawl on hands and knees against a strong current, on rocky bottom. A delightful head would burst before the light grew bright, and I was almost ready to give up hope when my head came out into the fresh air. It was a long, a delightful breath I drew. I had never known before how sweet it was to breathe. Like other common blessings we do not appreciate it until we can no longer have it. Jake and Val were not far behind me.

"My God, Graham," my big chum said when he had shaken the water from his eyes, "you will have no more of that! If it had been a foot longer I couldn't have come through."

Jake grinned. He had recovered from his fright. "Lordy, Marse Victor, dat ain't no diffen."

I did not answer either. I had climbed onto the bank, and was looking silently at the beautiful picture. We were in the forest, but through the vistas of the trunks we caught glimpses of the houses of the city. Val was the first to speak.

"I think," he said, "it will be best for us to wait in the woods until dark before showing ourselves in the city. Darkness, like charity, may cover a multitude of shortcomings. There doubtless is a vesper service in the temple, for this is Sunday—by George! I believe it's Easter Sunday!"

So it was. The day of the risen Lord doubtless would be a fitting one on which to make our appearance. The strange admixture of religious mockery and beauty resulted in the belief by the Chapsecans that Huemac would return on an Easter Sunday. People would be in a receptive mood on such a day and ready to believe anything connected with their long-looked-for lord. We decided to wait and went to the edge of the forest where the stationed sentinels, among the trees, hidden but able to see.

We could see the back of the temple. It was a large cross-shaped building of white polished marble, simple and unadorned, but beautiful in its simplicity. It crowned the top of a four square pyramid about forty feet high. A narrow stairway ran up the back side of the pyramid, doubtless for the private use of the priest and his special attendants. We could not see the main stairway. At twilight every one darkened the sun by steady stream of dark-skinned people, clad in white cotton clothing, going to the temple. When it was quite dark we left our hiding places and started for the building.

We went directly to the front of the pyramid. A great stairway reaching across the entire front went to the door of the building. Some giant sculptured figures standing at intervals along the steps made us hesitate; they seemed like knots of people. We left Jake and Val on the ground and crept up. The great doors were open and I looked in and gasped!

Thousands of people were in the great pillared hall that gleamed and glistened with marble and silver and gold from the lights of a grid of lamps. Far back, so far that it was faint and indistinct, was the sanctuary, and before the altar a priest clad in green and yellow robes. There was no sound except the breathing of the multitude. I watched the scene, fascinated. Presently I saw the green and yellow arms of the priest begin to wave slowly to and fro, and the smell of incense filled the air. The priest began a chant, the people joined and the singing seemed to me a burst of thunder. I listened a moment, and then ran down the steps to my comrades.

"Quick, Val!" I cried, clutching his arm, "we must get to the rear before the singing ends."

"What is it, Jack?" he asked as we ran silently.

"Can't answer now. Come on."

We ran to the rear of the pyramid and up the little stairway, across a terrace to a door which we found. This opened into a small room the walls of which were hung with priestly garments. On the opposite side of the room was another door, and peeping through this we saw just in front of us the sanctuary. At this moment the song, which had ceased, began anew. We made, ceased, and the priest, rising from his knees in front of the altar, turned to the people.

He was a young man, but the light in the sanctuary was too bright enough to enable us to see him distinctly, nor the girl who stood beside him. He was beautiful. Almost in front of us was the massive glass case enclosing the skull cross of Huemac, which Gray had written behind this was the altar, reaching from a dais far up into the lofty room, beautifully polished marble and ornamented with wondrously carved gold plates. Amongst the crudity, the Virgin and the paintings of the apostles and saints.

All around were hundreds of censers of gold, giving out the delightful fragrance of sweet herbs. As I looked, looking at the picture, the beautiful pillared hall, the mighty throng, the priest, and all that we already knew of the dangers we had passed were regarded for the dangers we had passed through in our efforts to reach this city of the Red Land, and for all others that might come.

The priest peered eagerly through the partly opened door the priest began to speak in the sonorous Spanish tongue. It was a sweet sermon, a sermon, of the god's love for them, how he had taught them to bring life and death to the ground, and work with stone and precious gems and metals, to build temples to his greatness and goodness, of his sorrow for the blindness of his people, and his grief that they were regarded for the dangers we had passed through in our efforts to reach this city of the Red Land, and for all others that might come.

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"My sons and your fathers' fathers have loved and feared Huemac, the god of all, and they have looked for his coming and have looked forward with hope to his promised return. Where are those fathers? Dead, those who he gave to your fathers' fathers, the symbol of his suffering, his pity, his love for them. Your fathers and your fathers in their blindness sought to kill him, and found that the god's power was that? Lord of all, ruler of the winds and air, master of the lightning, and the thunder's servants. Gentle and kind and loving he is, but terrible in anger. Huemac, lord of the sky, has darkened your heads before him, the great, who has always been merciful and kind even in his anger, but whose will must be done!"

There was a sudden movement of the people there threw themselves upon their hands and knees, with heads down and eyes fixed upon the floor. Only the priest and girl knelt side by side.

Quickly the thought came to me, and instantly I acted. I seized one of the priestly garments that hung on the wall and threw it over Val's shoulders, forced the cowl over his head and decided he should wear to disguise himself, and then I pushed a fatter head reverence he stammered:

"But——"

"Oh, Val, for God's sake, go!"

A second he paused. Then he stepped quickly through the door toward the altar. Standing straight before it he raised his hands and extended them toward the people. In the dreadful stillness of their love and fear and devotion his clear, deep voice reverberated through the hall as he started them. He said a simple word:

"Arise!"

Oh, but he looked every inch of a god as he stood in the bright light of the lamps, he stood in the bright light of the lamps, his face beautiful in its setting of yellow and gold. He stepped backward in green and gold.

The people looked up and a cry of wild astonishment and joy of joy came from them. They sank again to the floor.

The most extraordinary story of love and adventure among a strange people in a mysterious city will be told in next week's Ledger. In subscribing for this paper remember that the best stories and articles appear in issues thirteen and fifteen.

A Well-Known Name.

General Horace Porter told the following: "In the mountains of New Hampshire I met one of the colored troops, who was still fighting nobly, driving a stage on a country route, and asked him, 'What is your name?'

"'George Washington, sah.'

"I said: 'That is a name that is well known to everybody in this country.'

"'I reckin, sah, it ought to be. I'se been drivin' heah ovah since de wah.'"

No, Cordelia, the railway tie is not a four-in-hand.

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The way I make money after school
I am just one of the hundreds of POST Boys who make money by selling
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Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings, but I am making my share—upwards of $15 a week. Of course this means a large list of customers, but I started with only six and steadily worked up. You can do as well easily enough—just write to the Company and ask for the complete outfit free. This will include, besides the great little book, "Boys Who Make Money," the first copies with which you sell for 5 cents each—that gives you 90 cents to buy a fresh supply with at wholesale price. After that, the profit is yours. Write right off. That's the way I did.
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IN COLONEL'S TOWN

Things Happen.

From the home of the famous "Keyhnel Keeyard" Cartersville, Georgia down South, comes an enthusiastic letter about Postum.

"I was in very delicate health, suffering from indigestion and a nervous trouble so severe that I could hardly sleep. The doctor ordered me to discontinue the use of the old kind of coffee, which was like poison to me, and my nervous system became so disturbance that I could not control myself. But such was my love for it that I could not get my own consent to give it up for some time, and continued to suffer till my father one day brought home a package of Postum Food Coffee.

"I took the new food drink carefully prepared according to directions, and gave it a fair trial. It proved to have a rich flavor and was a healthy, wholesome and delightful drink. To my joy the addition of cream greatly improves it.

"My health began to improve as soon as the dose effect of the old coffee was removed and the Postum Coffee had time to make its influence felt. My nervous trouble was speedily relieved and the sleep bliss which the old coffee drove from my pillow always came to soothe and strengthen me after I had drunk Postum—in a very short time I found I could sleep better than I had for years before. I have now used Postum Coffee for several years and like it better and find it more beneficial than when I first began. It is an unspeakable joy to be relieved of the old distress and sickness." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

BY DUKE CUYLER.

Upon the east branch of the Saco, away up under the shadow of Doublehead, Elias Towle built his cabin, and then commenced the work of clearing the forest about it.

His family consisted of a wife and two small children, a boy and a girl. The former was five and the latter three years of age.

Early and late the pioneer worked at his task, and one after another of the forest trees went thundering to the ground, letting in the golden sunlight where shadows had reigned before.

Thus through the summer he labored on unceasingly, only quitting his work long enough to cut the little patch of corn which he had planted in the springtime, and to keep themselves well supplied with game, with which the forest abounded, or with delicious speckled trout, which filled the waters of the river.

One sultry afternoon he quitted his work of felling the trees, and taking his fishing tackle he started off up the stream in pursuit of a mess of trout.

The boy Reuben used to accompany him, but as he was going some distance, he decided that the children were too much for him, and so bade him remain at home with his mother.

Promising to be home by sunset, he went down to the stream, and was soon engaged in taking the trout therefrom.

He nearly always had good luck in fishing, but this day it was better than usual.

He thought that never before had he known them to be so well. So he went on enjoying the sport, and filling up his string rapidly.

About half a mile above his clearing his attention was attracted by some footprints in the sand. Another glance told him that they were the tracks of a huge panther that had here crossed the stream. They had been recently made, perhaps not more than an hour before.

He could not resist gazing furtively around as though he half expected to see the animal peering down upon him from amid the foliage the trees. But he saw nothing, and as he went onward the incident was soon forgotten.

The trout still continued to be taken readily; and so much engaged was he that he was not aware how fast the time was flying.

But at last, when the sun could no longer be seen in the gorge through which the stream ran, he suddenly bethought himself that it was time for him to be turning homeward.

So he hurried out of the stream, and doing up his fishing tackle, he started off for his cabin.

He was almost sunset now, and he knew he would not reach his home until after dark, but he would not be obliged to follow the stream down. It made several bends, and by cutting across he could shorten the distance.

He hurried along as fast as he was able, but the misty shadows of evening began to gather around before he reached the edge of the clearing.

Once or twice he had thought that he heard a cry, but supposing he must be mistaken in the voice of his wife. She was not at the cabin, but down by the edge of the clearing nearest the river.

He gave a quick start when he heard the burden of her cry, and was calling for the children, and the tone of her voice told him that she was alarmed at their absence.

He hastened toward the cabin, calling to her as he went. With a glad cry she answered him, and in the deepening gloom he saw her hurrying in the same direction.

"What is it, Mary?" he cried, as she came nearer.

"The children are gone, and I cannot find them," she answered. "I have gone all about the clearing, but they are not here. I have called to them over and over again, but received no answer except the echoes until I heard your voice."

"Where can they have gone?"

"I know not, but I fear some harm has come to them."

"When did you see them last?"

"It must have been more than an hour ago. I was so busy at work that I did not miss them until a short time ago."

"What can have become of them?"

"I don't know, but I am almost afraid that they have tried to follow you."

He gave a great start at these words of his wife, for he suddenly remembered the tracks he had seen in the sand. What if they had wandered up along the stream, and the panther should discover them?

The thought sent a thrill of terror to his heart, and it immediately communicated its agitation that shook his frame. But it lasted only for a moment, and then he recovered his self-control.

Rushing into the cabin, he took down his rifle and was out again with his wife in almost a moment's time. "Which way shall we go?" she said.

"Up the branch; they must have gone that way. Robert wanted to go with me when I started out."

"And he wanted to follow you some time after you had started. It must be that they have gone that way."

They hurried away toward the bank of the stream, where the darkness lay thick beneath the thick branches of the overhanging trees. There upon the bank they sought for the footprints of the missing ones, but the gloom was so great that they could distinguish nothing. In a little time, however, the moon would be shining brightly, for it was already rising above the tree tops.

They called aloud, but the echoes were the only answer that came back save the sound of the rushing water.

On they hurried along the rough, uneven way. At last they saw before them a patch of bright moonlight, and it was at this where it came down through a rift in the forest.

There, alongside of his own, the father saw the footsteps of his children in the sand.

They were on the right track, then. Would Heaven save them from danger till they could clasp them to their arms!

Only a moment did they stop to examine the footprints, and then they passed on.

Soon now the panther might be watching them catlike, or feasting upon their flesh. The thought filled them with horror, and faster they went, clambering over huge bowlders or hurrying along the sand, seeking eagerly the lost ones.

More than once they cast a troubled look toward some dark spot, and thought they half expected they might be buried in its waters.

At last they came to the clump of trees where he had seen the tracks of the panther.

Before them was a ledge of granite which came down to the edge of the water. The moonlight lay along its face and rested at its foot, where before heaped a mass of forest trees.

Both the parents uttered a cry of joy, for there, locked in each other's arms, they beheld their lost ones.

Calling them by name, the mother sprang forward, but suddenly arrested her steps, with a cry of terror upon her lips. The fierce growl of a panther fell upon her ears.

Glancing toward the summit of the cliff they saw the huge beast prepared for a spring upon the helpless children.

There was not an instant to lose. With the rapidity of thought Elias Towle brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired.

There was a wild shriek, and the panther sprang high in the air and fell at their feet. There was a fierce struggle for a moment, and then he lay outstretched—dead.

With a glad cry the mother sprang forward and clasped her children in her arms, with thanks grateful to Heaven that they were saved.

The panther was skinned and its hide stuffed, and ever kept after an heirloom in the family.

The harder the job the easier it is for a lazy man to dodge it.

THE PECULIAR CLUE; or, MINER SETH'S LONG QUEST.

By ROSSER W. COBBE.

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CHAPTER V.

Just as the sun was sinking over the mountain in the purple distance, throwing his radiant beams down upon the little settlement, they buried all that was left of the beautiful woman whose presence in their midst was not known until life had fled her body, although her voice had indicated that she was there.

The miners, rough, uncouth, with gnarled and bruised hands, walked side by side; their huts reverently held across their breasts their shaggy heads bowed. In a rude coffin, made by kindly hands, Sylvia lay, and it was borne to the last resting place on the shoulders of Seth, Mr. Blake, and two lusty young fellows, the four strongest men in the group. Behind them in one of her white nurse's dresses, bareheaded, with misty eyes, walked Jessica Blake, the woman who had performed for the dead the last sad offices, and discovered that the lines on her face had since then traced her evil living or intoxicating drink, but by the subtle potion, opium. Barely, after all, Jessica's place was beside the dead woman, and as Seth had begged to be to follow his sister to her grave, the girl had consented, wearing white instead of the conventional black. The rude coffin was strewn with delicate wild flowers, and Jessica observed a large bunch in her hand.

When the grave, dug by Sim and another of the miners, was reached, the burden was lowered, and they bid each the one to the other, except Mr. Blake, who, taking from his pocket a well-worn Bible, read a few verses which seemed very appropriate, then said gravely:

"Let us pray."

Probably it was years since any of these men had been a knee to prayer, but there beside the grave of this murdered woman not one hesitated, but knelt upon the hard ground and really listened to the simple and yet earnest prayer non heavenward by one of their number. When he had finished, Jessica's voice burst forth in what seemed to those about her a hymn straight from Heaven, although many of them had heard it numbers of times!

"Dust of age, called for me,

Let me hide myself in thee!"

Poor unfortunate, misguided lady, how appropriate those words sounded! On and on the sweet, strong voice pealed, finishing the song and beginning another, and as they became used to the words the miners joined in until there was a mighty chorus around the coffin of her who was either greatly wronged or greatly sinned.

Then, when the bearers lowered the coffin into the grave, Jessica dropped in her flowers, which seemed to almost fill the ghastly hole, and Mr. Blake drew Seth away so that the last glimpse he got of his sister's coffin he saw it buried in sweet blossoms, and the men, respecting his grief and Jessica's thoughtfulness, dropped in the dirt as softly as possible.

When the grave was rounded over Seth turned from his new-found friends and went back where, kneeling beside the grave, he broke down utterly and cried as he had not since childhood, the bitter tears falling into the black earth, as if lest he lose the little ring she had worn through all her troubles, and, kissing it, thrust it deep in the earth, whispering:

"Good-by, my Sylvia, poor neglected girl."

While Seth had left his sad, sacred spot, Mr. Blake came up, and, laying a firm hand upon the drooping shoulder said earnestly:

"Come here, my boy. It is not wise or well to give way to grief in that manner. Three months ago I buried my wife, and I read the same verses over her as I did over your sister. No, I am not a preacher, but I have been an editor for many years, and often conducted such services for my friends. Come home with us for a few days. Jessica can nurse you, for grief as one else in the world," and closing his fingers, good Mr. Blake pulled Seth to his feet, "You'll come?" he asked.

"Thanks, of course I will. I think I would die in my grief."

"No Jessie said, and she knows, bless her." Seth looked about him, "where is she?" he asked, disappointed.

"Hidden on ahead of us, leaving me orders to *bring you* even if by force," and Seth felt a gladsome warmth about his heart.

After all what was this strange spirit into the lonesome man, who had been his own cook for longer than he cared to remember, the only woman who was in the moonlight in front of the shanty for a time in perfect silence, then Seth's head said rapidly and coldly:

"I told you that some time I would relate my reasons for leaving my sister alone. I will do it now. Do not turn from me while I tell you a story filled with disappointments and many blunders, which have resulted in Sylvia's death and perhaps more than one other tragedy."

CHAPTER VI.

Seth and Jessica again silent for a short time, then he began slowly:

"Dear girl, I am not all that I have seemed."

"I know that."

"How?"

"Do these other miners speak as you do, as a cultured, lively-educated man?"

"Have I dropped all the shop talk?" he asked wonderingly.

"All."

Again the man paused, then he continued, moving nearer the girl and looking up into her clear eyes for encouragement.

"We lived in Philadelphia, father, Sis, and I. I was educated at Harvard, and graduated with some honor." Far back into the past were his thoughts turned, and it was difficult for him to reveal the history he had hidden for so long.

"I can hardly express to you my deep love for my father. From babyhood I reverenced that man. Whenever I met other men I compared them to father, and always found them lacking. My father not only was imposing in appearance, but he possessed one of the most delightful personalities in the world. Little Sis loved him, too. The mother had died when Sis was born. It was fortunate that she did. Disgrace falls heavily upon women, and perhaps it could not have been kept from her."

There was a mournful cadence in the deep voice which wrung Jessica's tender heart, but he was continuing.

"After my return home from college, I looked about, not taking up anything, although I knew I could practice law, for we were very wealthy and I did not need to. Father wished me to enter the office of my girl," Jessica felt herself shiver. Was there always a woman in the past of every man, she wondered?

"This girl was of my set, beautiful, perfect, and as certain to be accepted by my social circle as I was myself. Of course I was a very conceited young man, and when I asked her to marry me she accepted me with a grace which delighted me, although, fool that I was, I believed that she returned no love for me in it."

Seth, his hands clasped about his knees, looking out over the desolate landscape, the moon in the calm was built on the other side of the hill, and the dark roofs of cabins, and Jessica experienced a wild longing to take the tortured man's head near her and administer comfort where it was so needed.

"Well, I might as well get the story told. My father died very suddenly—just dropped dead one day—and I was summoned by wire when the will was read it was found that I had large properties left me, to be divided evenly between Sis and me, and I was made executor and administrator, without bond. That was the beginning of my end, then I discovered a horrible thing. My father, whom I had adored, was a gambler. He had exhausted a trust fund placed in his hands, making senseless speculations. After careful investigation I found that all this fund amounted to about half of his property. The entire estate was not as large as appeared on the surface. My resolution was readily taken. I disposed of my share, refunded the trust money, and found me the half belonging to Sis over to a firm of lawyers, who managed her affairs for her.

A sympathetic hand, firm and strong, was laid on his, and he looked up eagerly.

"Then I started to tell the woman who had promised to become my wife. I could not tell her that my fortune was gone, but told her that my fortune was gone, but that I would work for her, and that we could in those days, for I had friends without number and could have done many things then.

Once again he paused, still holding the hand strong and firm in his nervous one, and Jessica asked softly:

"And she?"

"She? Oh, Lillian Carlton was too much a woman of the world to make any scene, but I knew from her manner that the change it had been made of glass. Then I left Philadelphia, and for years I felt my heart was broken, and I wanted to die. Finally I have been a cowboy, a miner, and a good many other things. I have even been killed like so many cattle: I have minegled with the scum of the earth, and yet until I became a pretty fair copy of my comrades, until yesterday I found that cherished sister of mine, for whose comfort I had tried to provide, lying over there, trampled into the earth like some unclean animal. Something of my old self has come to be repentant. I am criminally unjust I have been in leaving her alone all these years, although I thought her protected by Sylvia. Now I am all that is left here."

"You did it all for the best," came the sweet whisper.

"Also I have just been madly and selfishly foolish. How much wiser a woman can be do!" And he sighed.

"You still love that woman?" came quietly from the nurse's white lips.

"Love her? Yes, I do, a thousand times! I do not even hate her. She is but an object of perfect indifference to me now, especially since reading what I told you why?" and he turned and took the other hand in his.

Jessica looked at him quietly and gently, although her heart was beating madly.

"Jessie, forgive me, but I have told you I love you. I never loved that other woman. My heart was broken, and you from the first moment I saw you, and I will never leave you, oh, my angel!"

"Please stop, you have known me only two days," Jessica replied, trying to keep her voice steady.

"I have known you for centuries, to judge from my feelings," was the impetuous answer. "Pray do not ask me to wait. I will labor to gain your love with all my heart. I will show you what a man's love is worth. Let me show you, my own one. When a man loves as I do, there is nothing he cannot do for his beloved. Jessie, Jessica, my heartsease, I love you. All my world lies in those words."

Even in the moonlight he could see how pale she was, and feared he had startled her, so with a tenderness which his comrades would have deemed impossible he dropped one on each hand before him, and his clasped hands upon her knee, said gently:

"Have I frightened you, my little girl? I love you so, that is my excuse. Tell me you do not hate me, please."

Jessica took firm hold of her nerves and replied as gently as he:

"I do not hate you—how could I?—but you have a mission before you. That poor sister of yours was murdered. You must find the man who killed her. There is evidently a little nephew somewhere who needs you."

"But, Jessica, I know that, and I intend to do my duty. What I want to know first is how you feel toward me. Can I ever hope?" and he sprang to his feet and held forth his arms pleadingly.

Jessica also arose and replied firmly in a manner which admitted of no reprieve:

"My friend, go out into the world; return to your fashionable woman who once repulsed you, for she may now be free; find the murderer and your nephew; then, if you still think you love me, come back, and then I will give you an answer, but not before." And she vanished into the shanty.

CHAPTER VII.

The great overland train was dashing along at a terrific rate, and to Seth, who had never used it, it was bewildering. Its things seemed confusing. Carefully dressed by the devoted, refined life, he was first rushing along toward his old home, and he found a mystery in the mystery which shrouded his sister's life. He had telegraphed a description of the man he was hunting down to Cincinnati and city from west to east, spending money like a millionaire. Seth had been long years in the wilderness had not been unproductive. He had said nothing of his wealth to Jessica, but he knew that of doing so, if she loved him it must be for the uncouth miner, the cowboy, and not for the really elegant gentleman now looking rather wearily out of the car window.

Seth's reverie was cut short by a group smoking and playing cards, for he heard the name of them said laughingly:

"How's the kid, Viner?"

The answer came from a man whose back was turned toward him.

"The kid's with him, and he's good to sleep from here on to Chicago, where we change."

Still another man spoke up, saying:

"What's your object in carrying that kid about with you, anyhow?"

The second speaker replied rather quickly:

"Why, I suppose I have taken a slight interest in his child."

This first man gave an ugly laugh.

"That's not your child, it's some you've—well, let us say adopted until such a time."

But Seth was startled by a sudden movement from the man who claimed to be the father.

"Just cut that," he said quietly. "The boy's mine."

"Since when the mother?" was the next question put him. All the men were inclined to be quarrelsome, having been drinking.

Seth had ceased listening except in an abstracted way, but he became wide awake when the father was aroused, sprang to his feet and with a fierce oath overturned his table, scattering cards.

"What makes you ask such a question?" "Not such a strange one, after all. What have you to say with the boy, mother? Run away from her?"

The man whose father appeared to have regained his control over his temper, and replied, while his sent, replied carelessly:

"In the East. I am taking the boy back after a little trip, and the mother is dead."

Seth sat back in his seat wondering. He had come on a search but poorly provided with clues. The name of Viner initials in his sister's wedding ring, which he had brought with him, "H. K. V."

Then he had that striking description of the man. Could he see the repulsive mouth with the double lip, and the ruby teeth protruding on each side.

Seth's heart began to throb. The men had called this father who had dosed his child "Viner," and responded with the "V." of those initials in the ring. Then the child. Seth endeavored to get a view of the man's face, but saw that he was facing a blank wall and was so hemmed in by his companions that it was impossible. Pausing about him. Suddenly the man Viner said carelessly:

"Think I had better go and see after the kid."

"Curious father doesn't suit you extra well," said one of the men about him.

Viner's head just arisen, and, turning, laughingly replied:

"I know it doesn't, but he is pretty promising, and I'm fond of him."

Seth was on his feet in a moment. The man had laughed. Black pulled the upper lip, and out sprang that little teeth—yes, ratty expressed them best. The faithful brother could scarcely believe that his quest was ended so soon. Tall and commanding he stood looking over Viner, who himself was not a tall man, saying coldly:

"I must beg a word with you, Mr. Viner."

"Indeed, and why?" was the disdainful answer.

"Because your wife was my sister," he said abruptly, scorning to use any diplomacy.

Never had he seen a face whiter than the one before him. It grew a greenish white, and the man staggered, then suddenly sprang at his throat. Seth, although unprepared, defended himself, and the two rolled upon the floor.

"Help!" Viner cried.

"Hands off!" Seth sternly commanded, but little attention was paid to him, for he with Viner and his friends were the only occupants of the smoker at that moment. A magnificent fighter, combining the skill of a trained athlete with the endurance of plain life, he was no match for four desperate men, and he felt some one deal him a crushing blow, then he flew through open space, and all was dark.

CHAPTER VIII.

Jessica Blake found life hang very heavily upon her hands after Seth departed, for although she could scarcely allow herself to think of it, she had learned to love him as deeply as he loved her. The circumstances which had drawn together these two had been such as to nature as to awaken tender feelings. A lady by birth, she had been reduced to be a confidential gentlewoman under the coating of rough life, and then his sorrow had stepped to her woman's heart. She loved him, and sometimes she wished she had told him so openly and plainly. Still, there was the other woman.

A few years ago that same woman had been the most unimportant thing she could must see her again. Then, if she had lost all interest for him, Jessica was willing to deliver her heart into his keeping, or acknowledge it, for the gift had been made unasked.

It was over three months since he left, and the spring flowers were replaced by those of summer, summer in its richest time she had not heard from him, for this was the most unsatisfactory. She had longed to hear from him she had wished for a letter, and between them up until after he had met this other woman, Lillian, he had called her.

Jessica had gotten looked with disgust at her browned face, her strong, firm hands which, however, in nursing the sick and afflicted, and imagined the daintiness of the Eastern woman. She knew that she was fair that would be the impression created from Seth. Another thing she knew, and that was that Lillian Carlton had a hard heart and love of social prestige and love of wealth. She had under another name. What it was she did not care, for her he would always be Seth, the poor miner, and she did not think that then her love was worth more.

Then again, she would shudder, for the thought would come to her that perhaps something had happened to him during all these months of which she was in ignorance down a desperate murderer. Another thing oppressed her at times. Suppose that Lillian was free, richly gowned, fascinating, beautiful to win back his old love. Most certainly the young girl had many weary hours, but she tried to keep her sorrow locked and veiled from the gaze of others. Like a ministering angel she nursed several of the rough gold miners during the fever, and won their undying devotion. With persistent effort she insisted upon a cleaner state of living, and prevailed, for patiently taught all who would learn many wonderful things that every day she learned under her learned to read and write. All of them adored her, but none dared to lift his eyes to her. Seth's memory was all that was above them, and then, too, they seemed to realize that Seth's heart was given to her, and they had made Seth their leader.

Still another event, and one which attracted the interest of all, came to pass under her influence. Sim had gone back home and married a sweet, pretty, pleasant girl, who gladly joined Jessica in her ministrations. The men were very fond of the children and the young wife. Jessica and Mrs. Nathan could have completed the happiness of the death.

Still the time hung so heavily upon her hands that one afternoon Jessica started off alone for a ramble.

Walking along, her head hung between her hands, she in a moment of grief, she whispered to herself.

"How long will I have to endure all this? Surely if he decides for the other he will let me know, for even if he does not realize how much I love him, he must see that I care something."

The sunset seemed so lovely that she shivered, and her heart beat wearily. Suddenly she started. She heard a strange sound. It was different from anything she had ever come across. It was late in the afternoon, far from dusk, which comes early in that region and during that season. There was a flash of red, and something huge, covered with long, red hair, was driven by her, rushing to destruction down the incline.

She had been walking away from camp toward the level plain of another hill, and the sound was from that side. Something was dashing in so terrible a way. Running along, she tried to follow it with her eyes, and finally heard it crash against a huge boulder half-way down. Without stopping she ran to its wake, and there in the bushes, where it was not likely any one would have ever seen it, was the ruins of a costly automobile. It was shattered almost to splinters. Jessica looked at it for a moment, then, turning, started for home, a new expression on her face, and determination in the firm set of her mouth.

CHAPTER IX.

The reception was at its full height when a gentleman crossed the room and bowed low before a lady, known in her youth as Lillian Carlton, but now the petted wife of John Mason, a many times over million-

aire. She, beautifully dressed, self-possessed, looking her self like one to the manner born, looked into those inky eyes she remembered only too well, then said in her well-bred voice:

"Why, Harold, how delighted I am!" and extended a hand he once had thought perfect, but which now he compared unfavorably with a larger and more womanly one he had learned to love.

With a grace Seth Burham had forgotten, Harold Deering bowed over the white fingers and said quietly:

"You are very kind to me, Mrs Mason, to remember one who has passed so completely out of your life."

The lady smiled, but there was a slight quiver about her beautifully moulded lips. The world, even her dearest friends, called Lillian Mason a cold woman, but none of them knew what she had suffered when her life-long training had compelled her to throw aside this lover and marry a man of sixty.

"You will always be Harold to me," she said quite simply.

"And you Mrs. Mason to me," was his quick response. "Mrs. Mason, Harold Deering died many years ago. Another man has grown up in his place. Philadelphia has forgotten the first and does not know the second. I have come here upon an errand connected with my poor brother."

"And want some information from me?" Mrs. Mason asked quietly, although her heart beat as she thought she had received a mortal wound.

"Can you give me any?" Seth asked eagerly.

"Not much. If you will walk with me into the conservatory I will see if what I know is of any use. Where is she, poor girl?"

Seth looked his old sweetheart straight in the eyes. "She was murdered nearly three months ago," he said quietly.

The polished lady of society gave a gasp and clutched at his arm.

"Impossible!" she cried.

"No, unfortunately, it is," he said, then he gave the horrible details, describing the man he was searching for, saying that he believed his initials to be "H. K. V."

"Yes, she married a man by the name of Horace Kendall Viner. He had been in society here for months. No one really accepted him, but she took her heart to the man and married him out of hand."

"So her lawyers told me."

"I felt very sorry, Harold—for so you will always be to me—for she was your sister. Do not look so disgusted. We society women are not allowed to show our hearts if we have any. After her marriage she went away from Philadelphia, she withdrawing all her money."

"Yes, so she could, for the will read that it was to be given to her in full when she was twenty-one, or upon her marriage," he groaned.

"I did not see Sylvia again until last summer, when I met her at Newport," Mrs. Mason continued, then she hesitated.

"You saw a change in her," Seth said grimly. "Go on, please."

"Yes, and such a strange one. She acted in an peculiar a manner that I thought she must be drinking. I hate to say it."

"No, I was morphine. I heard that from her lawyers. The man so abused her that she has taken ill, and he employed a physician, a man after his own heart, who for a few dollars fastened this habit upon the poor girl. He came to the lawyers to see if there was any way of securing her for time to the boy, and they advised her to keep on refusing to sign checks, for they had fortunately arranged matters so that the money was all in her own name," and Seth stopped with a deep sigh.

"Poor girl!" Mrs. Mason said softly. Looking into the handsome face, hearing the voice she had learned love many long years ago, she wondered at her own blindness. Sylvia, lying in her lonely grave, was not the only woman who had suffered.

"Did you ever see the child?" Seth next asked.

"That time when I last saw her."

"Did he look like this?" holding out the tiny picture which had been clasped in the mother's stiffening hand.

Mrs. Mason gave a little cry and snatched the miniature, and with difficulty refrained from pressing it to her lips. This one, naive a curly-headed little boy, knew of the kisses she had rained down upon Harold Viner that summer in Newport, for the child was such an image of the Harold Deering whom the grave, stern man before her said was dead.

"Yes, this is her boy, Harold Viner. Oh, Harold, she loved you with all her heart, and if you had been here this tragedy would never have occurred."

"Mrs. Mason, I could stand loss of fortune, but not loss of my faith in woman," was the grave reply.

"Will you continue to blame the woman for the fault of the girl?" she asked with trembling lips.

Seth stared at his thoughts went back to Jessica, that sweet, noble woman who not only could give comfort to him who was now the most pitiable and beautiful woman on earth. For her sake, because of her, he could forgive, for that woman was absolutely nothing to him.

"No, no do not our youth ought not to be treasured against us in later life. I know I need much forgiveness," he said gently.

Mrs. Mason looked at him a moment, then said gravely:

"I understand. You have found some one to take my place."

Seth flushed under his tan. "Mrs. Mason, you put anger, misery, despair in your place. There is no trace of your place left. If you want to know, however, I have no hesitation in telling you that I love a dear girl whom I intend to marry as soon as I return home, if she will have me, and I think she will."

"Then you are not engaged?"

"Perhaps not, but we understand each other," he said with so happy a smile that Mrs. Mason dropped the subject and asked:

"Have you found any trace of this Viner?"

"Of course I did," Seth replied, glad to get off personal subjects. Then he told her of his adventure in the smoker, adding:

"By some miracle I landed on a straw stack, and so was not killed. However, I lay there for several days and when discovered by a farmer, I was unconscious. With the hospitality of those Westerners, he and his family nursed me through brain fever and until I was sufficiently recovered to come on here. I arrived in Philadelphia this morning, interviewed the lawyers and came to your house to see you, hoping to gain some additional facts."

"And now?"

"I am going to New York to put the case in the hands of the most skilled detectives in the world."

"And once more, what then?" came in low accents.

"I am going home," and the cadence in his voice as he said that word "home" made the fashionable lady bid him good-by, upon the instant that for her and her circle Harold Deering was indeed dead.

CHAPTER X.

Seth had managed to gather a few additional facts, and he went over them carefully as he swung his leg over a horse's back and started for "home" upon the very day Jessica had witnessed the destruction of the automobile. Through the detectives he had learned that Viner had stolen the child from the mother and gone into the hills with him, hoping to write more money from her through the little one. Sylvia

"If you get him it must be over my body!"

learned her child was gone while at the theater, and without waiting to change her clothing, with her sable coat and many jewels, had bought an automobile and started in pursuit. How she had managed to endure the rocky machine up those steep hills, to do without food or water for many hours, no one could tell, but her lover had she had pushed ahead, and finally tracked him down upon the very afternoon he and Sim had heard the despairing scream which had sounded so familiar in his ears. It was their evident fear that he killed her, that the man had snatched up the boy, and, mounting the machine, driven the madly away, and thus had escaped. Now it was different. As soon as he had found some food and

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It makes the average man tired dodging people who make him tired.

Mississippi thanks Mr. Carnegie, but declines to be pried up with his library lever.

A man seldom proposes to a woman unless she has made up her mind to make him do so.

It will be well for Japan to remember that Russia could do a lot of fighting yet with a billion dollars.

Just at this inopportune moment Kaiser Wilhelm shyly slips a bent pin under the Monroe doctrine.

After rejecting a young man nothing is calculated to make a girl so weary as to learn that he has married disgustingly well.

New York never before faced such great building prospects. It must disgust Dowie when he notes the prosperity of the town after what it did to him.

The Mikado seems to entertain certain justifiable doubts whether the Czar really wants to buy peace or whether he is merely "pricing" the article as a sort of shopping diversion.

The Equitable's salaries are to be cut down a figure which in some sort of proportion to the amounts the officers actually earn. The policy holders have succeeded in making a slight puncture in the official Hyde.

The revelations of municipal rottenness in many American cities, the malign spread of the tipping evil—which is a form of dishonesty—and the rapidly growing desire to "get rich quick" by any means that does not lead directly to the penitentiary door, all reveal disheartening weaknesses of character in American life. If the developments as published day by day were to be taken as a standard of the moral tone of the entire community, the inevitable conclusion would be reached that the whole country was going to the bowwows. But the evil that men do is blazoned from the housetops, while the good is rarely mentioned. It is humdrum and commonplace to perform one's daily duty and be honest. There is no news in such conduct.

The Sword of Fate;
OR,
From the Steps of the Gallows.

By Constance Beatrice Willard.

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CHAPTER XV.

"All things are in fate, yet all things are free."

Half-way up the hill leading to the magnificent home he had built for his bride lay the body of a man. During his life he had been an important man, a power in his mills, and commanded respect from those in his home. Now he was but a piece of clay, on a level with the commonest laborer in his own mills. The very spot of his death, his men had threatened him, one of the number.

"Blurst him, he's no better'n us."

Now his hatred gone by law, and about him were dark pools of a terrible something once warm and red.

A great gash had opened in his breast, just below the heart, showed that he had met his foe face to face, and that he was resisted. All about the place were signs of a struggle, the grass was trampled, the bushes were bent and broken, and against one bo vestigation another wound was revealed in the neck. Yes, Lucius Birdsall had met a horrible death, and some one was stamped with the brand of murderer.

The early morning sun crept in through the branches of the trees shading the pathway as a slender, graceful girl crept up and about, shuddering yet searching carefully for clues to the fiend's knife whom she knew had been there after the husband had fallen. At last she breathed a long sigh of relief.

"She' safe thus far," the girl muttered, then fled swift as a deer down the slope toward the home of Roland Kerston.

The body lay in a cross patch, and so had been overlooked by those who had climbed the slope seeping for the master, but Dora knew that the knife was far distant when it would be discovered, and a search started for the murderer.

What were her feelings as she fled on not even she could have told. Remembering every word she had said to the wild-eyed young man, whom she knew had been inflamed almost beyond reason by the love of self the murderer, and then she feared that the woman she loved so dearly was in some way implicated, and, if true, would expiate herself in order to save one who once had been dear, but whose thoughts were terrible, and Dora sobbed in her terror, but as she emerged from the shadows of the hill she tried to control herself.

Roland had selected his home principally because it backed upon the cross skirting the bottom of the hill, so Dora was able to slip into his back door and not be observed by served. Standing in the tiny kitchen, she grew afraid. What if he had fled? Every thing seemed so quiet. What if he were there and she had to face a murderer?

The girl trembled like a leaf, then she said in a low voice:

"Mr. Kerston," but there came no answer.

Then she knocked upon the door and repeated her call:

"Mr. Kerston, oh, Mr. Kerston."

"What is it?" came from within. He was there, and she must face him.

"I must speak to you, Mr. Kerston," came from her trembling lips.

There was a moment's pause, then the door opened and she saw the man she had come in search of, standing before her in the same clothing he had worn the day before, with rumpled hair and extremely pale face. His coat was thrown open, and upon his shirt were several stains which looked very much like blood. There were black shadows under his eyes, and even his hand showed signs of conflict, being scratched and blood-stained.

All her terror fled at the sight of this man, grand in his misery and signs of guilt. Again she remembered her words and the wildness of his replies. She, too, was implicated. With a gentleness which was surprising to those who did not know her well—for Dora was not used to carrying her heart upon her sleeve—she went up to him and, taking the hand which he proudly had struck the cruel blows, she said gently:

"I have come to you, Mr. Kerston.' 'Why?'

"Because you are the only one who can save her."

"You mean——"

"Our darling. You love her, do you not?" What a flame of color rose to his hair! Then after a moment he returned mournfully:

"Yes, I do, my love is stronger than my hatred."

"Then you alone can save her."

"Save her?"

"Just that. Listen, Mr. Kerston. Last night I found the poor little thing huddled up outside my door, sobbing and perfectly unconscious of anything going on about her. She was dripping with blood, even her fingers and stockings were stained with it."

"And you?"

"I destroyed every trace except the knife, and that I hid, but she asked for it this morning."

"What knife?"

"The one with which the stabbing was done. You know it has her initials on it."

At this point Dora was somewhat astounded to see him rush to his writing-table, glance over its contents hastily, search his pockets, and then say in a dull tone:

"I know."

Dora thought to herself: "I know he has done more than once, and oh! Mr. Kerston, it dropped last night when Mr. Birdsall went back to the mill. If you could have seen it, dear sir, as I did, after he had kissed her, first on the lips and then on the white shoulder!"

"Damn him, did he dare to degrade her in that way?" the young man said, doubling up his fists.

"Remember he is dead," Dora whispered.

Roland shuddered and dropped trembling in a chair; then after a moment he said gently:

"Rest assured, my child. Mrs. Richards will never have to endure this. Go back to her and keep her silent, no matter what happens. She did me the most cruel wrong a woman can do a man, but I gave her my heart, and I love her still, enough to die a shameful death for her if necessary."

"No, no, poor fellow," with a gentle touch on the tumbled hair. "Leave town while there is time, and send a confession back." The young man raised his haggard face and smiled faintly.

"No, my little girl, I am not a coward. Leave me to return to her. She is our first thought. God bless you for coming to me. No one can save her."

"How noble you are!" Dora sobbed, for she felt that in their love wrong was his deed, he had atoned by his agreeing to sacrifice his life when he could have escaped.

"Very far from being noble, but if you think I am worthy of your love then you will take a little advice and live up to it. If you ever give a man your love, child, live true and pure, fearing nothing—as father's threats, a mother's pleas, the promise of gold, or the command of those whom you and him. If you find your love has weakened, go to him honestly and say so, but for God's sake do not send him off on an errand of love, clinging to him with tender arms and fond caresses. God knows that most of the crime is backed by a woman, good, bad, or indifferent, if the men languishing in prisons would tell the truth, members of the opposite sex would be thre, shut in from the bright sunshine and sentenced to hard labor for life. And I?" How harsh sounded his laugh! "I'll go through the mockery of a trial and be sentenced to be hanged by the neck until I am dead, dead, dead! Well, who cares? I have been living a death in life for over two years, so it will be a happy release. Isabel, Isabel! to think you could have deserted me, your lawful husband, in so heartless and wicked a manner!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"There is no fear in love, for perfect love casteth out fear."

As Dora's little feet carried her up the hill she pondered over Roland's half-frantic words and tried to understand them. The memory of that handsome face did not inspire her with any thought of crime. Truly such a love was almost divine. Although wronged beyond any comprehension, he had been willing to commit murder for the sake of the woman he still loved. Would such love ever come her way? Suddenly Dora stopped.

"I would not want such a love," she said half aloud.

"My love must be stronger than I; he is," and her eyes glowed. Then came other and bitter thoughts.

"But I can never claim his heart. Thank goodness, I never said I would, but he knows I mean it. How new and wicked it must seem in his eyes," and the tears fell like rain, and she sank down on the grass, worn out by her night of terror and her exciting interview.

Lying there, her little figure almost concealed by the brush and grass, Philip Agnew almost stumbled over her, and in a moment picked her up.

"Why, my darling!" he cried. "Where have you been and what makes you cry?"

The strength of his character, the tenderness of his voice, and the knowledge that she must forever lose him was too much for the girl, and her overstrained nerves gave way, so that Philip held a death-like form in his arms.

Never having approved of his employer's wife, he had strongly objected to Dora's living with her, and this objection had been strengthened by the effect he saw it had upon his health and spirits.

When the dainty little thing had worked as a stenographer she had been full of fun and laughter. When her name was mentioned in words to be his wife, he knew that she considered herself bound to him, as he did to her.

After she became Mrs. Richard's companion everything was changed. The rose color faded, the tender eyes grew anxious, and the dimpled mouth drooped, showing the weight of another's sorrows upon her shoulders.

As he looked down upon the sweet face, lying motionless against his shoulder, all that was manly and strong in Philip's nature came to the surface, and he resolved that they would not part that morning until Dora had given him the right to protect her. He realized that there was great trouble about the girl, and that a thoroughly frightened by the absence of Mr. Richards, but his amateur nurse he must have the right to guard his love.

In a moment the brown eyes opened and looked into his, then, dear as I have said, and in it Dora read the determined resolution.

"Philip," she said gravely, as she drew away from him.

Very gently he helped her to a standing position, although he stood ready to support her if necessary, and then he repeated his question:

"Dora, why have you been crying?"

"Because I am unhappy."

"I know, dear, but why cry way out here? You have comfortable quarters, haven't you?"

Dora raised her eyes. How heavy and strained and troubled, how full of the misery eyes which Philip had known for so long!

"Philip," she said gravely, "there are many things I can never explain. I can not ask me questions, they only confuse me and hurt the woman I love dearly, and——"

"Do not try to explain anything, darling," Philip cried, taking the burning little hands in his and clasping them tenderly. "I know my love too well to need any explanations. I know that you are true, loyal and brave of necessity would be involved in any crime that might be committed when thrown with such a woman; but it makes no difference to me. I love my own girl, whom no woman living can take from me, and I want my answer, Dora. I want you to give it to me in words, as you have given it in actions. Dora, will you marry me?"

Dora was pale. The little hands covered the pallid face and tears rained down be-

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tween the fingers, while the girl sobbed:

"You are right, Phil, I have said 'Yes' a thousand times over by my actions, and I meant it, and I knew you took it so, as I wanted to have you; but now it must be 'No'—I cannot marry you."

"Why, Dora, darling?"

"Phil, I can't even explain. Believe me that all the life and happiness goes out of my life with these words, but I cannot, I cannot!"

Philip Agnew looked down on the agonized face for a minute, then drew the trembling little figure to his warm, loving arms.

"See here, Dora, let me decide on that matter, won't you?"

"I can't."

"Tell me just one thing—do you love me?"

A pair of soft arms were thrown about his neck, and a tear-stained cheek was pressed to his, while Dora said in a voice sadly broken with emotion:

"Yes, a thousand times yes. I did not believe that I could love you as I do."

A gentle hand stroked the soft hair, and a soft voice whispered:

"And I love you, darling, so, so much!"

Love was the little head until it rested upon the broad shoulder, but the voice was firmer as she said:

"Do not make it harder for me, Phil; I cannot marry you."

"Dora!"

"Yes, Phil."

"Do you take me for a fool?"

As she looked up into his face the girl knew that he was anything but a fool.

"Now I can see what is troubling you. That precious Mrs. Richards has tangled herself up you up into some kind of a mess, and you think because you know some of her miserable secrets that you are in honor bound not to tell, that you ought to give me up. Now that is the trouble, isn't it?"

How she clung to him, her little hands grasping his arms, her lips trembling.

"You think that these secrets would stand between us. Why, darling, that is just nonsense. I wish this whey-faced woman had never come into our field of action, and I am going to see you away from her as soon as I can, but as for blaming you in the least—never, girl, never. I am very proud of you because you are so loyal, but I hope in the future that there will be nothing to drag you down like this woman. You have borne her secrets long enough. Let me bear a portion of them. No, I do not want to know anything; just tell me that when we can straighten them out you will be mine, and then after that, tell me what comes in our united lives."

Dora stood in amazed face. "You would be willing to take me when I tell you that these are secrets in my heart which I can never disclose?"

"Perfectly."

"What I tell you that I can never forget this terrible night?"

"I want you, my darling, no matter what has happened. I know now, just as well as though I had been in the whole story, that my body was done nothing of which she need be ashamed, and again I ask, will you marry me?"

Without a moment's hesitation Dora turned, and, holding out her hands, said earnestly:

"Yes, Phil, I will, and I will devote my life to showing you how I appreciate your confidence in me."

Philip pressed his lips softly to hers as he replied:

"And mine shall be spent in proving to you that my words have not been idle. My actions shall bear them out, for I intend that Dora Agnew shall be the happiest wife in the country, and that she will never regret her promise to me." then drawing the hand just promised to him through his arm, the young man started to escort her to the house. There were happy days tragedy having passed into the background, but as they stepped into the path they saw a sight which drove the blood from their faces and made Dora cry, clinging to Philip's arm:

"Oh, don't! don't! Let me go, Phil, to guard her—my poor Princess!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"If there be a crime of deeper dye than all the grain of human sins, it is murder of the mind."

The door closed upon the unhappy husband, and Jacinthe and Mr. Latham were left alone.

The glowing eyes were veiled with tears, and the self-possessed woman of the world trembled like a child beneath the kindly glance of the man who loved her and whom she loved.

"Well, dear, why are you troubling so?" Mr. Latham whispered, leading her to a chair.

"I have deceived you," she whispered, "but I have been waiting, trying to summon courage to tell you, indeed I have."

"Tell me what?"

"That I was divorced."

"That would have been no news to me, dear, for I knew it from the moment I saw you step from the train, or rather recognized you for a person I had seen in the courtroom in the city. Several times I have been tempted to speak to you relative to the matter, and then I have drawn back, fearing that you would feel I was intruding. Of late—so, ever since you settled here—I have loved you, and that would have made it doubly hard."

Jacinthe facing him, her strong, capable white hands lying in her lap, her eyes bent upon the ground, as he finished she said very simply:

"Please listen to my reasons for asking a divorce."

"I do not want to know them. All I want to know is, Will you marry me? Excuse me for being abrupt, but I cannot help it. My love has grown with each day until I feel that I do not care to live without you."

She looked up, such a soft, tender light playing over her face as she asked:

"You are sure of yourself?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Then I feel that the past years are atoned for in the love of a man like you," and she laid her hand in his, while he bent down and kissed her lips.

Jacinthe drew away as she whispered:

"Please let me tell you where and how I gained my ideas about divorce. I was married—married when only too young, only seventeen, and how I thought I loved my husband. I did not care a snap of my fingers for the real man, a bluff, rough, drinking man, whose coarseness was a constant terror to me. I was but a little school girl when my boy was born, and as long as he lived I endured for his sake, but God was merciful, for he took my darling back before the tiny soul was tainted or developed any of the traits of the father. But how empty were my heart and arms!

"Had he then shown me any mercy I would still be enduring it, but he was relieved, because to him a child was a trial, and I felt myself being dragged lower and lower by his baser nature. He never really said a cross word to me, but I was always well provided for, and of course he never struck me, and yet I felt that all that was finer and nobler in my nature was being killed. If he had lifted his hand against me I could have gained sympathy, but the real torment of my mind was not recognized in law.

"Then I met a man who was strong, for I had considerable property of my own in addition to what I have always earned by my writing, and I felt that I must have separation at least. He kept on the lookout and finally discovered evidence against my husband made no defense, and I was set free. Free to do my work again, and develop those talents given me by my Creator.

"That is my story. Not a very romantic one—possibly a selfish one—but since then he has come into my life, and I have found a second wife, who appreciates good points I never was able to discover, for I did not change. I am sorry now I ever did think I did," and she looked at Mr. Latham, a transfiguring look in her little face that made every thing she could to make us happy, but we were not to be."

"No, dear, I do not think you did wrong. Certainly you took the very course I should have mapped out for you. At the worst or best, it is your own personal conscience. It cannot be controlled either by Church or State. Each individual must decide upon the question according to his conscience and his religious faith. Every one, according to my opinion, has a right to live happily and honestly, and no one who refuses to live with another, when the life is hateful is doing either. Still, dear, it is a personal matter. We will talk over these matters when I let others retain theirs. As you have said, more caution before marriage is better than a divorce afterward. Come, dearest, let's forget the past and plan for our future, for I want my wife very soon."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Thoughts cannot form themselves in words or deeds so horrible as conscience."

No wonder that Dora screamed with fright as a dismal corpse came upon them, the absolute horror of the thing that had been when she had seen it lying in the mattress. Philip Agnew, strong in the sight of a helpless man struck down, and Philip, thinking only of the safety of the woman's death, wished for some dire vengeance to fall upon those who had stricken one who had not given blow to him.

"Where did you find him?" Philip asked of the foreman, who was employed at the mills.

"In one of the cross-roads down there. He's been dead some time, I'm thinking."

"How long?"

"Two or three hours."

Philip stood bareheaded beside the silent form, and then, turning, walked away, a great deep ache or swelling up in his heart.

"Whatever his faults, such a death, stones," he thought. Then he remembered the wife who had been so cruelly bereaved, and the man who showed in his every action that in the past he had been something to him, and his fists clenched and clenched.

The men who were carrying the body were talking, and their words at last forced themselves on his brain.

"He do be a beauty," one saying, "that he be murdered, just when everything be going fine and easy."

"It do, it do," said another.

"Ash, Meester Harde was one gud mans," was the comment of a third, and then all commenced talking at once.

Philip walked slowly back to where Dora stood, a man who showed in his every action that in the past he had been something to him, and his fists

Sure Of It.

Teacher—Now, the season of the green apple has arrived.

Tommy—Yessum.

Teacher—How do you know?

Tommy—I have inside information.

Two Dollars a Day Up.

Mr. Slimpurse—I see you advertise your rates at $1 a day up.

Hotel Clerk—Yes, sir; you can get accommodations at $1 a, but you'll have to go pretty high. Front, show the gentleman to the roof.

Wouldn't Be Hanged.

First Burglar—You go in an' kill th' family, an' I'll watch outside.

Second Burglar (emphatically)—I'll be hanged if I do.

First Burglar (appealingly)—N-no; you'll only be lectrocuted.

A Sure Sign.

Mrs. Waysupp—That new servant girl is going to get married very soon.

Mr. Waysupp—Eh? Why do you think so?

Mrs. Waysupp—She's too good to last.

A Painful Possibility.

Will—If you are so much in love with that little angel, why don't you propose to her?

Gus (moodily)—I have seen both her father and mother, and I can't be sure that she won't grow up to look like one or the other of them.

Professional Foresight.

"Ethelinda, darling," murmured the enraptured young man, "this is the happiest moment of my life. I came here this evening hoping, yet fearing. I could not put it off any longer. I felt that I must know my fate. The suspense was killing me. But now—I swear it by this lovely head resting so confidingly on my shoulder, by the kiss on your sweet lips, I—but what was that clicking noise I heard just then?"

"Nothing, Walter; nothing but papa. He is a lawyer, you know, but he amuses himself with all sorts of queer fads. He's practicing on us with his kodak. Go on, Walter, dear. What were you about to swear?"

Usually the hand that rocks the cradle can't hit the side of a barn with a brick.

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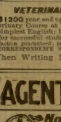

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JOKES AND

Had a Relapse.

Doctor—My! my! You seem to have had a relapse. Looks like a severe case of nervous prostration, too. What in the world have you been doing?

Patient (weakly)—Nothing. Nothing at all, except looking over your bill.

A Puzzled Beauty.

Mother (suspiciously)—Didn't I see that young man kissing you as I passed the parlor door last night?

Pretty Daughter (innocently)—I don't see how you could. Your glasses were on the parlor mantel.

Not in Demand.

Mrs. De Fad—What a perfectly exquisite little writing desk! It's a very poem of grace and beauty. Do you sell many of them?

Dealer—No, ma'am. Most people want writing desks they can write on.

A One Night Stand.

Bosh—Is Blank on the stage?

Josh—No.

Bosh—Why, yes he is! He told me that he made his first appearance two years ago.

Josh—H'm! He made his last appearance on the same night.

OLD MOTHER EARTH ON JULY THE FOURTH.

The Pastor's Mistake.

Enthusiastic Pastor—Ah, no! my dear young lady; to live in service that is pleasing to Heaven.

The Dear Young Lady (coyly)—Well, I took in fifty dollars, at a dollar a kiss," at the church fair.

The Altogether.

Lady—I wish to take the train for Dakota.

Station Man—The limited leaves in half an hour.

Lady—But I don't want a limited divorce; I want a whole one.

Wanted a Rest.

First Tired Auditor (at long-drawn-out revival meeting)—Where you going?

Second Tired Auditor—Up to the mourners' bench.

"Eh? What for?"

"I see it has a cushion on it; this one hasn't."

An Appropriate Weapon.

Police Judge—With what instrument or article did your wife inflict these wounds on your face and head?

Michael Mooney—Wid a motty, yer anner.

Police Judge—A what?

Michael Mooney—A motty—wan o' those framed wid "God bliss our home" in it.

His Last Chance.

Some years ago Phillips Brooks was recovering from an illness, and was denying himself to all visitors, when Robert G. Ingersoll called. The bishop received him at once.

"I appreciate this very much," said Mr. Ingersoll, "but why do you see me when you deny yourself to your friends?"

"It is this way," said the bishop; "I feel confident of seeing my friends in the next world, but this may be my last chance of seeing you."

A Mystery.

Bilkins—Why do you send your wash to those heathen Chinamen?

Wilkins—Because they seem to be more conscientious about doing it well than Christians.

Carried Out.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered.

"Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out."

And the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste-basket, did so.

FROM THE EDITOR

He Forgot That He Had a Stomach.

Talking of food, there is probably no professional man subjected to a greater, more wearing mental strain than the responsible editor of a modern newspaper.

To keep his mental faculties constantly in good working order, the editor must keep his physical powers up to the highest rate of efficiency. Nothing will so quickly upset the whole system as badly selected food and a disordered stomach. It therefore follows that he should have right food, which can be readily assimilated, and which furnishes true brain nourishment.

"My personal experience in the use of Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee," writes a Philadelphia editor, "so exactly agrees with your advertised claim as to their merits that any further exposition in that direction would seem to be superfluous. They have benefited me so much, however, during the five years that I have used them, that I do not feel justified in withholding my testimony.

"General 'high living' with all that the expression implies as to a generous table, brought about indigestion, in my case, with restlessness at night, and lassitude in the morning, accompanied by various pains and distressing sensations during working hours. The doctor diagnosed the condition as 'catarrh of the stomach,' and prescribed various medicines, which did me no good. I finally 'threw physics to the dogs,' gave up tea and coffee and heavy meat dishes, and adopted Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee as the chief articles of my diet.

"I can conscientiously say, and I wish to say it with all the emphasis possible to the English language, that they have benefited me as medicines never did, and more than any other food that ever came on my table. My experience is that the Grape-Nuts food has steadied and strengthened both brain and nerves in a most positive degree. How it does it, I cannot say, but I know that after breakfasting on Grape-Nuts food one actually forgets he has a stomach, let alone 'stomach trouble.' It is, in my opinion, the most beneficial as well as the most economical food on the market, and has absolutely no rival." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

A Dead Halt.

"Yes," said he, letting her out another notch beyond the speed limit, "our automobile has come to stay."

Then the machine slowed down, gave a shudder or two and a dry, rasping cough, and stopped.

"You were right," said his guest, a few hours later, as they trudged wearily into town.

Not Adulterated.

Customer—I suppose this ground coffee is half peas.

Dealer—No, the coffee is not, but the pepper is.

"Eh? The pepper is?"

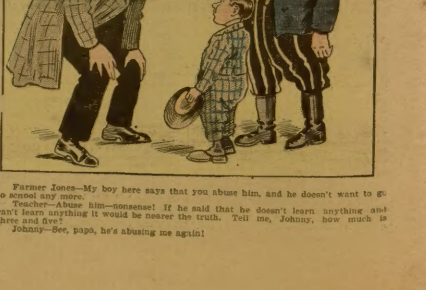
"Of course. Look in the dictionary."

The Cause of His Popularity.

"He's a popular poet."

"Why, I thought he hadn't written anything for years."

"He hasn't. That's why he's popular."



Farmer Jones—My boy here says that you abuse him, and he doesn't want to go to school any more.

Teacher—Abuse him—nonsense! If he said that he doesn't learn anything and can't learn anything it would be nearer the truth. Tell me, Johnny, how much is three and five?

Johnny—See, papa, he's abusing me again!

Overdid It.

Mrs. Passay—Mary, wasn't that gentleman asking for me?

The New Maid—No, mum. He described the lady he wanted to see as being about forty, an' I told him it couldn't be you.

Mrs. Passay—Quite right, my dear. And you shall have an extra afternoon off tomorrow.

The New Maid—Yes, mum! thankee, mum! Yes, mum! I told him it couldn't be you, fer you was about fifty.

Mrs. Passay—And while you're taking your afternoon off you'd better hunt a new place.

A Reliable Heart Cure.

Alice A. Wetmore, Box 67, Norwich, Conn., says if any sufferer from Heart Disease will write her, she will, without charge, direct them to the perfect cure she used.

His Idea of Gems.

In a schoolroom the first primary grade was listening to the teacher reading a description of Columbus' first voyage to America. The history was written in words of one syllable.

The teacher reads: "Queen Isabella sold her gems to help Columbus."

"Now, children," she said, "who can tell me what gems are?"

Instantly Robert sprang to his feet, his hands waving frantically and his eyes flashing.

"Well, Robert?" she said.

"Biscuits!" yelled Robert.

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

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Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Masterly Retreat.

Nordy—Enpeck did a mighty smart thing the other night.

Butts—What was that?

Nordy—Why, he'd been out with the boys and as he opened the front door at 3 a. m. his wife called out to know what time it was. "Just 12 o'clock," said Enpeck, but at that moment the cuckoo clock struck three.

Butts (with evident disgust)—And I suppose Enpeck cuckooed nine times more, eh?

Nordy (triumphantly)—No; he dodged out the front door again and went and spent the rest of the night at a hotel. Say, you don't know Enpeck, do you?

A Dainty Little Maid.

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Not Responsible.

Farmer Ridgeback—Say, Abel, is it true that all them city boarders of yours hev pink pyjamas?

Farmer Gunswamp—I ain't heerd on't, but if they hev they ketched it afore they come.

Obeying the Doctor.

Family Physician—See here! I ordered an immediate and complete cessation of all mental labor, and here I find you writing.

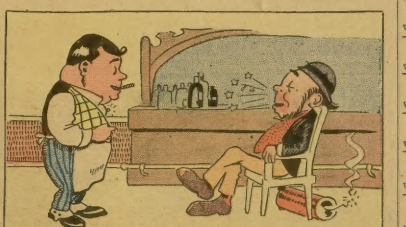
Literary Man—It's nothing—nothing at all—only a society novel.

Best They Could Do.

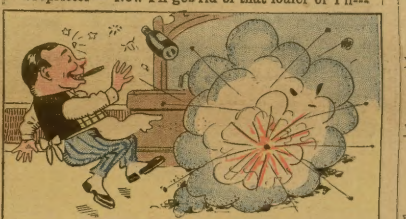
Mrs. De Style—Where are your stables?

Mrs. Highupp—We have not room for stables. We board our horses; but the boarding stables are very exclusive—very exclusive, indeed.

HE WAS A SOUND SLEEPER.



Proprietor—"Now I'll get rid of that loafer or I'll—



[Sss-boom-mm!]

"Bust up the place!"

On the Way Down.

Lord Dudley was out shooting one day over a hilly and marshy bit of ground near Llandrillo, accompanied by a local publican named Robert, whom he sometimes took with him as a guide. Coming to a sunny, close-looking bit of turf, he said to his retainer: "Robert, has this bog any bottom to it?"

"Oh, yes, your lordship, it has," was the reply.

Whereupon the earl jumped over upon it, and was at once up to his waist, and still sinking. "You rascal!" he cried, "didn't you say this bog had a bottom?"

"And so it has, my lord," quoth Robert; "but you haven't reached it yet!"

One Enough.

"What is it, nurse?" asked the anxious father.

"Triplets!" replied the nurse.

"Oh, this is two too much!"

Sisters-in-Law.

Jinks—What tender care your wife takes of you! Always worrying about your health.

Blinks—Yes; I have my life insured in favor of my sister.

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The Fourth in Rhyme

Independence Bell.

'Twas the tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town;
And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down,
People gathering at corners
Where they whispered each to each
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

Hushed at last the people's murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Hing!" he shouts, "ring, grandpa!
Ring, O ring for liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand;
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose.

That old state house bell is silent,
Hushed now is its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living ever young;
And on every breast encircled
In the fourth of each July,
We will forget the form of Freedom
Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly, "Independence,
Which, please God, shall never die!"

Tone Poem.

On high the rockets gleam and glare
With fiercest anger, fiery glare
Athwart the bosom of the air
Full leveled with their radiance.

Below the bursting of the bombs
Which on the sidewalk dart and dance
With mischief's every impetuous grace
Soon will the twilight air enhance.

And now there comes a ringing clang
And fountains as the skies careers prance—
It is the warning bang! and bang!
Made by the speeding radiance.

A Fourth of July Lullaby.

Put little baby up in the tree top
When the commotion tells you that you need,
Tew feet between her and all of the sparks
Flying from the pin wheels and torpedo.

Fasten her cradle upon the strong bough,
Put her milk bottle in her pocket—for
Baby's cradle will you some home,
For if she's sleepy she'll have the sky rocket.

The Glorious Fourth.

"I'm full of American spirits!"
Uncle Sam asked his wife with a shrug.
"You've full, for a fact, but I fear it
Is spirit that comes from a jug."

Often So.

We burn our money on the Fourth—
But then the year is full of days
On which without exciting
We burn our money other ways.

Also So.

Some people listen to our jokes
As if dead tired like blazes;
They're like the bogus fireworks which
Try to burn part refuse.
The pessimistic cracker, with
The optimistic fuse.

His Hypothesis.

She—Why do you see so many men nowadays who are shorter than women?
He—Perhaps it is because the—er—women pay the bills.

No Danger of an Alarm.

First Thief (in hotel bedroom)—Go quiet, Jim. There's a woman asleep in that bed.
Second Thief—It don't matter if she wakes up.
"It don't? One scream would bring half the folks in the house to the door."
"She won't scream. If she wakes up she'll throw the covers over her head and keep still."
"Why will she?"
"Her hair is all up in curl-papers."

The Mystery of the Montague

BY JEAN JUDSON

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Begun in No. 21, May 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Oh, yes, I understand that, Pauline. Your worship, however, is entirely out of him as one should love one's minister, a sort of divine feeling."

"I guess you are right about that, Aunty Tab. It is far too beautiful to be anything else. Yes, it seems really divine. I love him so greatly."

"Oh, how you do express yourself, Pauline. Now quit gushing and say that you like him just as I do."

"Well, then," said Pauline laughing, as she pressed her palms against the thin cheeks of the woman who stood before her, "I shall say that I like him just as you do."

"Well, that sounds better, decidedly so."

"Just as you do, all that you do, and words and words more. I love him better than anybody or anything else. Better than you, better than myself, better than life, better than——"

"Pauline! that will do. You shock me! I must confess that I have feared this."

"And why should you fear? Is there harm? The dear God knows he is sadly in need of the love of women."

"But he is a married man, Pauline. Surely a pure-minded girl, like yourself, would not be giving her heart where already wedded."

"But, Auntie Tab, you go too far. I have not done this. I have never told him nor in any way let him know that I care for his persons in the world know my secret, those two are just you and me. That is all. I couldn't keep it from you, and I couldn't from myself, very well. Positively, I couldn't. I tried to and am sure that I succeeded in putting the thought from my mind every time that it occurred, when he was living with his wife. But in the hour that she deserted him, as did every one, I concluded that I no longer owed allegiance to the laws that are supposed to govern the hearts and lives of mortals. When I went and looked upon that great man, bowed down with grief, my heart leaped from all control and went out to him. It has been with him ever since and I feel always shall be. Auntie Tab, he is the ideal man."

"Tut, tut! that will do, Pauline. I call it immodest to so display your feelings. Are you sure that you never told him this, or talked to him in such a way? Why, when I was a girl I would have died with my tongue rather than had it reveal such a secret to a man whom I cared for."

"Perhaps you were wrong in that, and have learned the folly of such deception. Perhaps if Mr. Dalton had been favored to some such words falling from your lips you would not have wrecked your happiness and his as well. Confess, it was not until on the eve of his marriage to another, when it was all too late, that he accidentally learned you cared for him. By the way, I have a death notice with which I intend one of the papers that might interest you a bit, Mr. Charles Baker is a widower."

"What, you don't mean it, Pauline?"

"Yes, it is true, and now if he ever makes his face strong, pull down the arms and ask him."

"Pauline, I won't listen, I won't," declared the delighted spinster, as she clapped her hands to her ears.

"All right, then I will, and hold him for you if I can, Aunty Tab. But come, be generous and listen to me. Give it be true that I love the minister with all my heart and mind and soul, my love is as sinless as it is deep. Remember, he is in prison for life. He is honorable to the core. He would never think of saving for me in this way, and so he shall never suspicion what I feel for him. Indeed, he does not know."

"I hadn't thought of all these things, Pauline. Of course you would do nothing unmaidenly or sinful. It is too bad, however, you couldn't have fallen in love with Mr. Rogers instead. He has such a lovely tenor voice and perfectly adores you."

"It seems things do go wrong at times," answered the young girl, with a shade of sadness in her tones, "but I shall have to make the best of it. I couldn't care for Mr. Rogers if I spent a whole lifetime in trying. Come, let's have tea, my head half aching, I have so much to talk with you about, and I need your assistance in many things. Next week you can go and call on Mr. Dalton to comfort him some and aid me in my undertaking in many ways."

As the two sat over their tea, a little while later, Pauline unfolded to her aunt her plans and hopes. She was grateful to know that her aunt approved her intended investigation, and felt that she had advanced one step in her effort.

A few mornings later she paid a visit to the inmates of "The Montague." She felt very happy and comfortable in the presence of those who so sincerely sympathized with their late lodger.

She led them on to talk unreservedly of all the incidents connected with the crime, and before the conversation had ended exhibited signs of great nervousness.

"I have a clue, I have a clue," she kept saying to herself as she rose to take her departure. "They disagree as to who the woman was in Mr. Austin's room that night. He swears that it was some woman of the street, and had the strangest testify to the truth of this. The maid, Jinny, is a sharp one. She declares that she knows this low creature, this Ella Robinson—has seen and talked with her, and insists it was not this woman's voice that she heard talking with him that memorable night. If the dentist and this woman have sworn falsely, it was not without reason. I shall go straight to see the woman, take her all unawares, and then command the truth. It is a time when I shall have to do my best at invention, I need employ my wit against her own."

Once on the street Pauline hurried along to the humbler portion of the village, her heart beating rapidly as she finally came to a dilapidated cottage, she rapped gently at the door.

It was opened by a woman some thirty-five years of age, clad in a soiled wrapper; her features coarse and sallow and fallure about her face, presented a picture that caused Pauline a shudder, as she mentally seriously draw back. Then assuming an air of friendliness, she smiled sweetly and said:

"Mrs. Robinson, is it not?" she began. "May I come in? I have something of importance to say to you about."

"Why, yes, I guess so. The rooms ain't been cleaned up this morning yet, but I suppose you will excuse appearances."

"It is a very inopportune time to make a call, I know, dear," said the girl, as Pauline, with an engaging smile. "I am the one to apologize." With this she drew from her coat pocket a handkerchief, ostensibly to use, but in doing so quickly extracted a roll of money, which fell to the floor as she intended it should. Immediately she reached for it and said:

"I have just been to the bank, and thought I put my money in my purse; how careless of me! Now, Mrs. Robinson, I am going to state my errand without any preliminaries. You are in need, I suppose, I know that when the dentist, Mr. Martin, paid you the money for the work in my case, you only did so that you might be enabled to buy the necessities of life."

"Did he tell you that?" exclaimed the woman excitedly.

"It matters not just now, Mrs. Robinson, how I came by this information; it is sufficient that I am acquainted with the facts. For a paltry sum you helped to imprison a good and innocent man. I am sure you did not realize that on your testimony hung the prisoner's every chance of acquittal. But I do not know what a serious thing it was to tell that falsehood, for if you had, a woman whose power of sentence and grace would not have done so for any amount of money."

"You are right enough, Miss Danby. And even now I don't understand why my testimony could have done all this."

"Well, it did, Mrs. Robinson. Your falsehood sent the minister to the penitentiary. Like since you did it for a paltry a sum, surely for a larger one, say one thousand dollars, you would gladly undo the wrong. I am not trying to bribe you, understand, but I am desirous of one to tell the publicly admit a falsehood, and I am willing to give you this amount to repay for the humiliation which it must bring to you."

"From the brightness of the woman's hard features Pauline knew that she had won her point.

"What do you want me to do, Miss Danby?" she questioned.

"Well, it is this: You know you stated that you were the woman who was in Mr. Martin's room talking with him on the night of the murder. I do not like to say this, in order to save some other woman, don't you see?"

"I hadn't thought of that. Who knows, he may have killed the woman himself, after all?"

"Well, at any rate, he did not want it known evidently, else the woman was. As to his reason, I will get to that later on. But, don't you see, if you confess that you were not there at that time, and can prove that you were not, Mr. Martin has got to tell who the other woman was. What he should wish to screen some other woman is an important point in the case, you see."

"Yes, I understand now. Well, Miss Danby, sure it is I am not the one who let the cat out of the bag, and Mr. Martin can't blame me. I don't feel under no obligations to him, even if I did take the fifty dollars, and if—if you want me to tell the whole truth about the matter I am ready to do so—that is, for the thousand dollars, of course. I wouldn't take the money, only I haven't much to live on, and right now I haven't even enough to pay my rent. When do you want me to do this?"

"Why, at once. The sooner the better. For your own sake, if you are so sadly in need. Suppose I sent for a lawyer and fix the thing up at once. He can take your affidavit, then the money shall be yours. Now are you sure that you are telling me the truth about this—that you were not the woman?"

"No, I swear to God I wasn't. But I know who the woman was in his room that night."

"What! you know who the woman was?" asked Pauline in amazement.

"Yes, I know positively."

"Oh, tell me quick—I am anxious to learn if my suspicions are correct," said Pauline excitedly.

"I don't think I ought to tell that just now, Miss Danby," the woman answered, probably having in mind Pauline's roll of bills which she had been so ready to exhibit.

"Very well, then, I can find that out from another source—the maid, Jinny, says that she knows."

"She couldn't know what I do about this, Miss Danby. I was an eye-witness. For a small sum, say five hundred more, I will tell you all I know about it at once. The woman was a Mrs. Stirling. It has been so often reported."

"I have already offered you a large sum for your evidence, Mrs. Robinson, but we won't stop to argue about that. Before I shall be called be paid you, if you are telling the truth. If it is proven that you are not, why, then the money must be refunded. This is a strictly business affair between us, remember. Is that plain?"

"Well, lay the five hundred of it on the table there, because what is fair for one is fair for the other. Then I have told you what I know you will realize that it is the truth."

Pauline quickly complied with the woman's request, her nerves at the highest tension at the mere mention of the name.

"Well, it was this way," began the woman. "You see, I generally go to the office at half-past ten, that night. I went there and then I waited for an hour or more, but as I was not called in. Perhaps I waited two hours, I don't know, before I decided to go home and left the office. I stepped quietly along the hallway to his room, that no one might hear me, without reaching it I heard a woman's voice, and that arrested my steps. I concluded to know something more about it, and so I stood there trying to think a heap of me, so I crept closer and listened. Then the woman's voice broke her heart out, it would seem, and pleading with him in a terrible way. Then I crept quietly to him and tell that he saw her there. She said she was spying on her husband, who was in love with some other woman, and at the hotel, and she just wanted to catch him, so she let him go bail or his word, I don't know which. Anyhow, Mr. Martin ran onto her when he came in late, and she had a great hubbub about it, and I heard it, for fear her husband would be furious. I heard Mr. Martin tell her to quit crying and not to be so excited and worked up over it, that he would just as soon go bail as not, as it was nothing to him. I feared she would be coming out pretty soon, so I slipped down the hallway again and hid round the corner, that I might peep when she passed by and see what the woman really was. I had heard him call her Mrs. Dalton, but I couldn't believe it was the minister's wife when I heard his door open, and they both came out. He walked to the door of the stairs with her and told her again not to worry, that he would protect her. Then she had gone I stepped out from the corner and said, 'Good evening, Mr. Martin, it seems you turned me down to-night, even more than usual.' I was angry because he failed to keep his appointment with me.

"At first he tried to deny that she was in his room or that he had had any conversation with her, but when he let him know that I had heard what passed between them and after repeating it to him he seemed to lie to me any longer. Then he commenced to coax me not to tell, saying if I told he would never do another thing for me. You see, he had often loaned me a little money when I was hard up, so I supposed that I would tell no one. The next evening he came out to my house and again asked me not to tell anyone of the affair of it, it might be worth fifty dollars for me to keep still. We had a long talk, when he said that he had told Mrs. Dalton that I had seen her, and would give me fifty dollars to hand to me, if I would say that it was me who was in the room talking with him that night, as he knew I was out of it altogether, because she didn't want her husband to know that she was spying on him. I wouldn't have done this, because it was putting myself in a pretty bad light, and I am a perfectly respectable person, but I was needing some money just about that time, and the fifty looked like a million to me, so I agreed to do what she wanted me to. It isn't God's truth, though. I never stepped my foot inside his door—we talked at the head of the stairs. Some one passing—Ned Tuttle—decided to go to building, it must have been near 1 o'clock in the morning. That is the whole truth, I believe. That is all there is to it, Miss Danby, and I swear every word that I have told you is the truth."

The one addressed sat back in her chair, as white as death at this revelation. Finally she gasped:

"My suspicions are confirmed, yet it is a terrible shock. Mrs. Dalton came here last week, when I returned from abroad, and learning how unjust she was to her husband, the thought flashed into my mind that hers was a very ugly nature, and I would not be surprised to learn that she might be capable of doing me great injury. Then I thought how she must have hated this woman whom she believed that her husband was infatuated with, so my mind got to work. I shall not tell you now all it holds, but this which you have just told me is another link in the chain of evidence which my imagination has conceived. Now, Mrs. Robinson, I want to say that I believe what you have just told me, and I am going to send for Mr. Stiles, Mr. Dalton's attor-

ney, and you must tell him this story. Be sure that you speak the truth, for it will be in the form of an affidavit. When the papers are written and bear your signature you shall have the money that I have agreed to give you. I have just about that amount with me. It is not necessary for you to tell Mr. Stiles, or any one, that I paid you this sum, understand? You are to say nothing about this—it is between us. You can profess to feeling some remorse at being a party to sending an innocent man to the prison of his life. You see, it will be much better for you to make a confession all of your own accord, you will be shown more leniency. Oh, thank God, thank God, things are coming my way! The innocent should yet have its freedom. I do not care so much to bring the guilty to justice as to free the innocent. It is all quite too horrible to think about. Yet there is one thing, one point, that this Mr. Martin has got to make clear. He said he heard the key drop—drop, you understand. Why knows, it may have been before the fingers of Mrs. Dalton! It looks that way, from the manner in which he has acted all through the case. That is the next link—perhaps the last."

"My boy you are that sharp, Miss Danby, I would never have thought of that. If you want to send for Mr. Stiles I will go and call my boy, he is somewhere around."

"Oh, that is fortunate. Tell him to hurry and that I have fifty cents for the errand."

It was several hours later when the attorney, after having taken the woman's evidence requested Pauline to go with him to his office and he would send for Mr. Martin.

This Pauline gladly consented to, and as she awaited the appearance of the dentist her excitement grew to fever heat.

She had not long to wait. Soon Mr. Martin stepped into the lawyer's private office, and said in a little excited show of nervousness: "You sent for me, Mr. Styles, may I ask upon what business?"

"Sit down, Mr. Martin, and I shall soon explain. We need not exclude Miss Danby, since she has the full knowledge of it that I wish to say to you. First, you may read this affidavit, be very deliberate, handing the paper to the man, who sat looking stupidly from one to the other.

Having read the document very carefully, the dentist handed it back to him.

"What do you say to it, sir, Mr. Martin?" questioned the attorney.

"Well, I suppose this to exactly is true, all true. What a fool a man is to think he can trust to a woman's tongue!"

"I attend to no ask, sir, why you desired to screen this woman, Mrs. Dalton."

"No matter reason in that world than because she asked me to. She was in a dreadful state of mind, and as it was not much to me one way or the other I quite assented."

"Very well—now answer another question. Why was it necessary for you to go still further and testify falsely about the key? You told contradictory stories about this circumstance. It appears that you know just where to put your hand, for you say the key to the murdered woman's door," said the lawyer significantly.

The one addressed sat quiet for some time, his eyes glued to the floor as if in a deep study. Suddenly he looked up and straightening himself, he said:

"Yes, I am eternally sick of this whole affair I feel like dropping down into mid-ocean. But since the Robinson woman has made her confession I suppose as well tell you what happened that night, and why I should publish that I did. It is the most unfortunate for me that I got into a mixup of this kind, and no doubt I have acted stupidly, but I thought I was doing the right or manly thing. That is, I thought so at first. Then as I learned of the circumstances, one after the other, connected with the crime, I had felt more times than one as though I were protecting a criminal, and perhaps this is what I have done. But, first, remember—I have a first and the contradictory stories about the key. I believed that the murdered wife had no connection with the murder; it never once entered my mind until—well, some time later. Then, too, I have related the true features of the dimmed! I didn't know what to do, and I thought I had better not tell all that I knew about it to the authorities, because I may have helped send an innocent man to the gallows. I was terribly upset. That was such a blamed mixed-up affair—husband—lover—no one could know, who might have been guilty, who might have committed the deed. I have strongly suspected the Robinson woman's husband, Mr. Stirling, and again the maid, Pauline, but at such times I would conclude that my suspicions were all unfounded—and upon my soul, I could not bring myself to believe Mrs. Martin Dalton a murderess, even though suspicion pointed that way. Now about this key business. I entered the hotel some time after 12 o'clock and started down the hallway to my room. Just as I turned the corner I saw some one come from the direction of Mrs. Stirling's room. I saw by my timepiece, and the hall was dimly lighted, and before I had time to recognize the person I thought it was Mrs. Dalton. She gave a little screech and started to pass me, then she came back after a few moments' hesitation and spoke and followed me to my room, or door, rather. She was quite outside of it she said. 'Oh, Mr. Martin, I am in so much trouble. I have learned that my husband is untrue to me. He has a wife and I learn this. So I came here and hid in the hallway to find out if we were not too friendly with the strange woman who is here. I saw—I know not sin sick at heart. He has been visiting in her room and she in his. But don't tell that you saw me here. I do not want my husband to know that I suspect him—that is, just now. I want to wait until I can talk in upon them unawares. I was about to do this earlier in the evening, but just then she left his room and went to her own. I must confront them both, that he may make no denial.'

"Just at this moment a key fell from her nervous fingers to the floor. I stooped to pick it up, but at this instant she said, 'Quick, step inside your room, I hear some one coming up the stairs.' Well, I did not think of that key again until my self-questioning, when all were gathered in the room where the woman lay assassinated. Even at the moment I had fitted it into the lock it occurred to me how the key came to be near my door. Having given my promise to the woman not to betray her presence in the hotel, or that she was paying upon her husband, I decided to keep my word, so I pretended not to know how the key happened to be there. I was too confounded to act rationally at the time, and since—well, as I said before, I really don't know what to think.

"I stated her once about the key, if she didn't let one slip through her fingers at the time, but she was so honest in telling me that it was her own door key which she picked up again, I was inclined to believe her, though I do not remember of her picking up a key after the one had fallen from her fingers. If the woman is guilty I have unintentionally prejudiced her against, that is all, and helped convict a much-wronged woman. I refuse to believe, however, notwithstanding the strong evidence against her, that Mrs. Dalton is guilty. It is incredible to think a woman of her high standing could do a thing so fiendish."

"Thank you, Mr. Martin, for one whose high moral character was above reproach, you could be guilty of a crime."

"No such thing. Never for one moment have I believed the minister guilty. As I said before, I have been all at sea, and inclined to think that the crime lies between the Stirlings and the maid, Pauline."

"Thank you, Mr. Martin," said the attorney drily. "It is to be regretted that you have no tendency to truthfulness, even under such conditions. Your sense of honor in shielding a woman of her high standing could do a thing so fiendish."

"Well, I suppose I am a fool," was the reply.

"Believe what you want to. That which I have told you is all there is to it. And now as you are through with me, I suppose I can ever any feeling of interest for the woman I have shielded, but I repeat, I have kept my word. To have told how the key came to be near Mrs. Dalton's door would been to expose her; then, after what she said about the husband's desertion, was the one that she dropped. It may have been in the wife's door key, as she told me. For my part I was, and am, inclined to not so much believe as you seem to believe. While I think she was a most unfortunate woman indeed, I wouldn't like to feel that she is a criminal, for I have met her people well—used to live in the same town that I resided in, and that is at Wheeling, where she is now. I suppose you have been over the ground all that I have, so there is no use my telling you what I can from memory. I am sorry, sir, to irate she came singing down the stairs while I sat in the drawing-room awaiting my appointment.

"She did not seem overpleased to see me, and I stated my errand awkwardly enough. She listened impatiently and when I had finished, then with a cold little smile said, 'Your services will not be needed, sir, in my very charitable one, but I really think it is for the minister's wife to consider for a moment. You could find few gentlemen in the church people, for their sympathy is with the wife, not with the husband in intimacy with another woman he has been deserted for.' She said in nowise responsible. He has disgraced his children and their mother, and I must confess to feeling no sympathy for him. Half an hour after, or forever, since I am forced to look upon him as a criminal.

"Do you positively refuse, then, to interest yourself in this matter, Mrs. Dalton ' I asked.

"Most assuredly,' she answered, 'but if you and your husband are friends and both who are infatuated with Mr. Dalton's fine face and gentlemanly manner, you advise yourself in this way, that is your business, not mine. I am not surprised at this, since learning that you painted the picture on exhibition at the time of the verdict, Miss Danby,' she said with a sneer.

"I refuse to retaliate or reply to any of your unladylike thrusts, Mrs. Dalton,' I replied, 'but I will say that I learn this. So I came here and hid in the hallway to find out if we were not too friendly with the strange woman who is here. I saw—I know not sin sick at heart. He has been visiting in her room and she in his. But don't tell that you saw me here. I do not want my husband to know that I suspect him—that is, just now. I want to wait until I can walk in upon them unawares. I was about to do this earlier in the evening, but just then she left his room and went to her own. I must confront them both, that he may make no denial.'

"I demand to know what you mean, Miss Danby,' snapped the irate woman.

I must confess that I did not mean just what she thought I did, but her manner as much as her words startled me, and the sudden flash of complicity in the crime then and there flashed into my mind.

"I looked into her eyes steadily, until I compelled her to drop her own. Then I said, 'I am not obliged to explain my meaning, Mrs. Dalton. Neither do I think it necessary. I believe that you understand.'

This speech of mine went straight home. She turned all sorts of colors, and, greatly enraged, said: 'You will oblige me by discontinuing this conversation, Miss Danby. May I ask if you are carrying flowers to the minister?'

"Not flowers but his liberty is what I hope to carry to him, madam,' I replied. 'And since as he is innocent, some other one is guilty of this crime. I shall spend my whole fortune, if necessary, in bringing the guilty one to justice. Let me say to you, I am now convinced that your refusal to help in the matter was unwise, and that you should not.'

"With this speech I turned and walked from the room, leaving her as white as chalk and gasping for breath.

"Later suspicion settled upon Mrs. Dalton, and she at my request went over the

BACK TO THE SOIL;

OR

The Plain Road to Success.

By HENRY E. SCOTT.

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CHAPTER IV.
TAKING POSSESSION.

The day following the purchase of the little farm by Mark he met Colonel Robins at the courthouse in Summerdale.

"I think, Colonel," were his first words, "that the deed to the farm should run in the name of the Ellis children. It is true that some of them are so young as to be of little aid at this time, but eventually all will help to pay for the place."

"I had expected a like statement from you, Mark," said Colonel Robins, "and am not disappointed; but I have made out the deed in your name. It is best that way, as on you will rest all of the responsibility. The farm standing in your name will give you a prestige that you would not otherwise have. Should you die, the other children would inherit what you leave behind. I have full faith in your integrity."

"As you think best, Colonel."

The mortgage and notes were soon signed, and the deed was transferred to our young farmer.

"I shall have two wagons loaded with cotton in town tomorrow, Mark. I told my son to have the teams at your home at 9 o'clock and help you move out. Will you be ready?"

"Yes, Colonel, and more than thankful. Everything will be packed. The children are delighted, and anxiously awaiting their advent on the farm."

Mark went home with the deed in his pocket; the children were withdrawn from school, and the entire day was devoted to packing their belongings and getting ready for the great event to begin on the morrow.

The Colonel had told Mark that he would supply him with seed corn, both for roasting ears and the field, of a superior variety, and named several varieties of garden seed that he could furnish him. During the day Mr. Pond's store was visited and others procured.

Toward evening the poultry was crated and the hackabout torn down, the lumber of which it was constructed belonging to the children.

"There are forty-eight hens and five roosters, Mark," said Harry, who had charge of the job.

"Enough to make a start with," observed Mark, "and I shall purchase on this the stock. I think there is more money in the improved grades. Early in the morning we must tear down the stable, the lumber all belongs to us, and it will come in handy. Now, Harry, I wish you and Roy would beat those carpets hanging on the clothesline, while Lucy plays the organ and Lucy's sewing machine."

"Yo' ben' gwine tek down dis yere cook stove 'erday, is yo', Marse Mark?"

"No, Aunt Rachel. We may want some thing to eat. There will be time for that in the morning."

"I'se gettin' dinner, chile, right now. We gwine have pork an' beans, an' das'll be enuf fer dinner termorrow, kase mebby I won't get no chance 'ter cook dem."

"A good plan, Aunt Rachel."

When night came the entire family was ready to retire, and, as Harry said, the one pleasant home put one in mind of a dismantled ship.

There was some surprise at about 10 o'clock Thursday morning in the vicinity of the postoffice when two of Colonel Robins' large cotton wagons were driven by, loaded with the household goods of the Ellis children, and seated by the side of Lem, the negro driver of the advance wagon, was Aunt Rachel, surrounded by bags and bundles, and Ella and Mabel sitting beside her.

"Where are you bound for, Aunt Rachel?" asked the postmaster.

"We's gwine farmin', Marse Ray. We is fer a fac'."

"Well, well! So Mark has rented a farm?"

"Huh! We's no po' trash! We done buyed a farm—we has fer a fac'."

The large scrap of cotton was fastened onto the hind end of the wagon and the cow was following contentedly behind.

Fred Robins was driving the second team, carrying in the wagon the stoves and lumber of which the henhouse and stable had been constructed, and sundry articles of heavy weight. A buggy was trailing far behind, in which Harry and Roy were seated.

Bringing up the rear was Dolly, attached to the one-horse wagon, with all additional odds and ends in the line of machine and organ. Mark and Lucy were in the seat, and Pony, the colt, pranced along by the side of his mother.

The entire crowd as train guard, trotting up and down the line, and evidently feeling that he held a responsible position.

Going on a farm, Mark!" called out Hi Pond, as they were passing his store.

"Yes, Colonel Robins has bought the bridge farm from Colonel Robins—where Elbert used to live. You see we have no time to lose."

"Bought it? It's a fine place. You can't fail. I'll call around for you, Mark, call on me."

"Many thanks, Mr. Pond. I shall not forget your kind offer."

John Wilber, the hardware man, shook his head. "I'm afraid he's too young," he said; but then if Colonel Robins is interested in him—"

"A lot of children—ought to be in a nursery," observed the postmaster. "Why, they can never pay for the farm. The Colonel will have to take it back. Men fail, let alone children. I am surprised at the Colonel. He should have discouraged them."

"Watch those Ellis children, that's all I have to say," drily remarked Hi Pond. "They have got the Yankee grit. They'll win out."

When the retinue was passing Colonel Robins' home, himself and wife and daughter stood at the gate.

"I have an extra mare that I shall hardly use this summer, Mark. She will make a good mate for Dolly. I will send her over in the morning, and you can use her for her feed until such time as I need her. My plowing is about done, and I will send over a couple of teams to turn over some acid for you, for a few days. It will give you a start."

"Oh, thank you, Colonel! You are making it very easy for me. I hope I may be able to repay you."

"To see you prosper, my boy, will fully repay me. At any time you need advice come over to Linden. I shall always be glad to be of service to you."

"Call over and come over and see us, Lucy," Clara said, as the wagons passed on. The children were all delighted with their new home.

Harry led the cow away to her new pasture. Ella and Roy introduced the poultry to a large and commodious house, and for the day, while the stoves were being set up, the carpets laid and the furniture arranged, Dolly and the colt were permitted to kick up their heels in perfect freedom.

The mastiff went soberly over the grounds on a tour of inspection, and came back at dinner time, wagging his tail in token of his approval of the changes made.

That night the Ellis children slept soundly, for the work of the day had been arduous; but all within the home had been arranged.

The family had taken possession.

CHAPTER V.
"THEM HAYCHIN' MACHINES."

At 5 o'clock the following morning Aunt Rachel had a steaming hot breakfast on the table.

The horses had been curried and fed; there were three rows, for the Colonel had already sent over the plants for them.

The cow had been milked and was contentedly chewing her cud, and pretty noisily ruminating on the folly of residing in town.

The hens and roosters were kicking up such a racket in the new henhouse that Aunt Rachel demurely remarked, as she stood at the back door, "I spec dem chickens is all layin' at once, da so glad ter get outen town."

It is truly remarkable how the fact of proprietorship raises feelings of self-importance—every member of the family seemed to think himself of more importance than a few days previous.

"Yo' breakfast am ready, chillens. I knows dat now us got a plantashun, we earn't 'ford ter turn time. I'se got ter get de mulch often dat strawberry bed—an' some on you chillens got ter hep, kase it's a big one. De fust oh March am here."

"Why, Aunt Rachel, how could we get along without you?" said Lucy.

"Yo 'ten' gwine ter, chile, dat's certain—an' I feels erbout fifty per cent better dan I did jes' week. I does, for a fac'. Here comes Marse Mark now. Set right down, you chillens."

Chairs were quickly drawn to the table.

"Why, where is Harry?" exclaimed Roy. He is not here. I thought he was with you, brother Mark."

"Bob is absent, also. They will soon be in. They are probably out inspecting the farm. They left the barn after the horses were curried."

The meal was near finished when the two stragglers bounced into the room, Harry carrying something behind him, and Bob barking.

"What have you there, youngster?"

In answer to his brother's question Harry proudly held forth a fine string of fish.

"Dem's beauties!" exclaimed Aunt Rachel, Dar's perch, an' dar's basses, an' punkin seeds—an' shiners an' bullheads. Why, chile, what yo' ketch all dem?"

Every youngster had left the table and gathered around the fishes.

"Down at the bridge," observed Harry, "I dug the bait at the barn last night. I thought to have them in time for breakfast."

"Kebber min', gib dem ter Rachel, she gwine fry 'em fer dinner, 'kase she ain't got much time terday. Now hurry up, you chillen. Dis am a workin' crowd now."

A half-hour later and Aunt Rachel and the younger children were raking the mulch from the strawberry beds, and Mark, with the single wagon was hauling the stoves and manure and hauling them to the compost heap in the barnyard, and the morning seems that the Colonel had sent over were turning over the soil.

"You have commenced at the right spot, Mark. These vines will be jumping right into bearing now. Our cold snap I thought I would ride over and see you started. I expect you will have time to help you until the last of the week."

"Thank yo', Marse Nat. I'se comin'; but de Lord knows when I'll get time ter hoe de bed. We must see de garding truck in pretty soon now—lettuce an' radishes an' early taters an' beans an' corn an' strawberries an' blackberries 'ter be framed up. I's certain dat we got a heap ter do, Marse Nat. I knows a when I'll git der. If I only had dat ar'n ob mine yere, but I spec he's dead."

He was referring to his life in the Yankee prison," said the Colonel. "Well, good-by. I must be off."

"Do! he might hab got killed by de bobbils, fightin' for freedom. Huh! dat nigger's mighty tough, I tell you. He belonged ter de Colonel, an' his niggers was better off den dan dey is now—'cept dose dat stayed wid him."

"How did you come to leave him, Aunt Rachel?" asked Ella.

"I 'ought yo' knowed dat, chile. When yo' dear mammy war sick, Marse Nat come home an' tell Missus Anice dat she mos' gone, one day, an' dat yo' chillens an' yo' pa was all erlone. Missus Anice she say:

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'Mammy Rachel, doesn't yo' wanter go an' stay wid dem Yankees t'rough dar trouble?' I says: 'Yes, Missus Anice, if you'll 'low me.' She said: 'It's our duty to do something.' An' I feels sorry fer yo' chillens, an' so I come, honey. An' it neber has seemed lak you could spare me, so I'se stayed, an' now I'se got my han's fuller dan eber, kaze us is gone farmin'."

"We can never spare you, Aunt Rachel," sobbed Lucy, who, at thought of the devotion of the negress during the afflictions they had passed through nearly broke down.

"Dry yo' eyes, chile—yo' neber got to till de good Lord calls me."

At half-past eleven Rachel went to the house to fry the fish and prepare dinner for her flock and the two men who were plowing in the field.

At 12 o'clock she blew loudly on a horn, summoning them to dinner.

At 4 o'clock Mark went over to Linden and selected three Berkshire sows from the Colonel's pens, for which he contracted to return three two-hundred-pound hogs by the first of the following January. He also secured the services of Uncle Daniel, an elderly negro whom the Colonel recommended as being an expert gardener, and now he felt himself more fully equipped for the work before him.

During the two weeks following the advent of Uncle Daniel much was accomplished at the farm. The greater part of the soil had been turned over, the strawberry, celery and asparagus beds were in fine shape, early lettuce and radishes showed well-definet lines, and under propagating frames cabbage and tomato plants were advancing well.

Frames for the support of the blackberry and raspberry bushes had been constructed; the bodies of the orchard trees were whitewashed; the grounds in front of the cottage were cleared of leaves and trash; two or three broken panes of glass had been removed and replaced by new ones in the kitchen windows, and appearances indicated that the young farmers were progressing.

Thus far the children had not attended school since removing to the new home; but now Mark concluded that he could keep them out no longer, so the morning of the fifteenth of March he accompanied the three youngsters to the schoolhouse across the creek.

They arrived before the commencement of the morning session, and found Miss Murry, the young lady teacher, to be a very pleasant person.

"Colonel Robins told me of you," she said, "also that I might arrange to board with you. I would be very glad if I could, for now I have to walk nearly two miles night and morning, and eat a cold dinner besides. I could spend more time at home if you would take me. I pay Mrs. Barret three dollars a week. I will gladly pay you the same. I do hope you can take me. The Colonel seemed to think that my being with you would be of advantage to the children."

"I would be glad to have you come over at noon and talk with Lucy, my eldest sister. I think it can be arranged. Come for dinner."

As a result of the morning call Miss Murry took up her abode with the Ellis children the following Monday. According to arrangements made she was to assist Lucy in her studies at home and aid her by suggestion in the training of the younger minds.

Miss Murry expressed herself as thoroughly satisfied to pay eight dollars in addition, but Mark would consent to receive but five, stating that even then the Ellis children had the best of the bargain.

When Mark came home from town on the evening of the eighteenth of the month he brought two peculiar-looking boxes into the house. There were glass doors in front of them, which, when opened, revealed two movable trays within each, and a kerosene lamp was provided for attachment to each.

"I lak ter know what dem things is for?" observed Aunt Rachel, as Mark finished setting them up on one side of the kitchen. "What's dem good fer?"

"I can't imagine," Lucy said.

"They are incubators," said Mark. "I ordered them ten days ago. Mr. Wilber sent for them. Each one has a capacity of two hundred and fifty eggs."

"Ter hold aigs? De land ob Goshen, chile! Is yo' done gone crazy, or is yo' got mo' money dan yo' wants? Us useter store aigs in de oat bin. I calls dat foolishness!"

"They are for hatching out chickens from the eggs, Aunt Rachel," said Mark, smiling.

"Yo' is crazy, chile! Hatchin' out aigs widout de hens? Dat can't be done. I knows dat somebody been foolin' yo'—an' I specs 'twas John Wilber. I'll tell him somethin' erbout 'ceivin' yo' wid his hatchin' merchenes. Da isen' no good, 'cept fer lookin' at, dat's certain."

"Wait about three weeks and see, Aunt Rachel. I know what they will do. I must build my own brooders."

It was amusing to note how curiously Aunt Rachel eyed the suspicious hatching machines as they silently performed their work during the ensuing days.

"Them thar lamps will des bake dem aigs, dat's what da'll do," she would exclaim in disgust when Mark would be turning the eggs and giving them air.

"Wait, Aunt Rachel."

The incubators were a great point of attraction to each member of the household, and as the three weeks drew to an end all were present each morning when the doors were opened.

At last there came a morning when there was an exclamation of surprise. The eyes of Aunt Rachel fell on three white, fluffy little mites as the door of one of the incubators swung open.

"De Lawd save us!" she exclaimed. "Dat merchine is workin', fer true! It's erlibe! It's de mammy ob dem chickens, suah!"

"By adoption," Mark smiled. "The real mothers of these I expect are in Ohio, as the eggs came from there. I procured twenty-six—thirteen were placed in this incubator and thirteen under a hen. The chickens produced will be of the white Wyandotte variety."

"Land ob Goshen!"

Three days later there were over three hundred chickens peeping in the two machines, and Aunt Rachel was wild.

"Yo' done run de hens outen business!"

Harry proudly held forth a string of fish.

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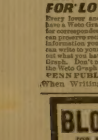

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CHAPTER VI.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

The first of April, when Mark drove Dolly into Summerdale, he carried one hundred and fifty bunches of lettuce and a like amount of radishes. He also had a few eggs; but he had used most of them in his incubators and under setting hens; in fact, he had purchased many as he required them.

He realized fourteen dollars for his trip, and for the next four weeks he was at least three times each week to the market at Summerdale.

During April and May the entire garden was planted. The tomato and cabbage plants had been transplanted to the open air, and great advancement made. Twenty acres had been planted in corn, five in oats and five in rock crops, including various kinds of turnips and Irish and sweet potatoes; two acres were planted in cabbage, and three in squash and cucumber vines would soon cover the surface of five acres more. Two acres had been sown broadcast to peas and rye, to be used as a run for the poultry and hogs. Drilled corn, to be cut during the season for fodder, occupied an acre, and by the time Mark had finished carrying out the last little pound it would be left vacant.

The orchard bade fair, aside from the fruit it produced, to furnish a fine crop of hay, as it had been seeded down to timothy and clover for years.

"I shall expect to plant pumpkins and peas in the cornfield later in the season," Mark had said, "and as the various crops are sold out, I shall continually replant."

After the fifteenth of May there were but few days that either Mark or Harry was not in the Summerdale market.

To the first loads, which had been composed of lettuce and radishes, were added gradually such to add, from day to day, other varieties of the vegetable kingdom, until his patrons came to understand that any variety they might wish for dinner could be found at Swanswood. If Mark's wagons, and, further than that, the vegetables were fresh and of the best varieties.

When the berries began to ripen it was necessary to keep the children from school; and even then it was found that they would be employed or fruit would become overripe on the vines.

Uncle Dan solved the problem confronting them by appearing in the field one morning with no less than a dozen Sandpeckers ranging in age from ten to fifteen, boys and girls, for Mark's assistance. He paid them by the quart, and Mark soon found that the old saying, "Many hands make work light," was a true one, for by the end of the market his full crop of berries.

For many days they netted from fifty to two hundred quarts a day, and very few were sold for less than twelve cents a quart. The earlier ones bringing twenty-five cents.

The first of June began to market broilers and then it was that Aunt Rachel began to ascertain that Uncle Satchi' merchandising was paying investments.

There seemed to be no end to the demand for the Ellis broilers. Never did Mark seem to be an end to their capacity to supply the demand. They filled the entire market nicely dressed, two or three dozen at a time, and often a dozen or two bunches of fish caught from the creek accompanied them.

There were twenty-two pigs out in the pens growing like weeds, and a fruitsome, spotted calf kicking up its heels in the pasture. When the melons began to ripen Mark procured a new cart, and Harry drove the other team, Phillip, Dan and Jack riding.

Later came the peaches and apples, and then the boys had all they could do to keep the produce moving.

"I declare," said the postmaster one day, as he stood out on the walk while the boys were driving by, "I believe those boys are going to pay out in the fall."

"Pay out? To be sure they will. I said so from the start. They have sold over two hundred dollars' worth of stock already. That boy Mark is a live one—so is the other lad. Some of the nurserymen and commission men are complaining because they can't get those fellows' prices, but everything else has failed. They have the best of everything and the best that is used there. Before any imitations or imitation. Save time and failure by sending for them now using other medicines. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price. Write today. Price $2 by mail.

"Over two hundred dollars? Is it possible?"

"Why, he's sold over three hundred broilers. There is a loud of melons every day. He paid seventy-five dollars for that wagon for that mare Harry is driving. Pay out? Why, the boy will pay Mark Dan and not feel it."

He has succeeded beyond my expectations with those incubators," observed John Wilber; "no one else gets as large a percentage from their eggs. Mark says that it is because they have not enough patience to attend to them. Why, he tells me that his last batch turned out eighty-five per cent."

Mark had taken great pains in securing his melon seed, with the result that his melons were the finest of any delivered in the market. And he received the best prices for them.

He had not been troubled by thieves, nor had his melon patch been invaded but once, and then by a number of the fruit's erstwhile custo'r was heard one night, and, hastening out with their guns, the boys had found a hill lying flat on the ground in the melon patch with the mastiff holding him down. Pompey, Uncle Satchi's hound, had treed the other lad, who sat perched on the top of the fence.

They took the two lads into the house and identified them; then, giving them a good scare, they let them go, first having that they were not desirous of further acquaintance with Bob and Pompey.

It was a happy time for the Ellis children, as well as a happy one, for each one was interested in the work.

With the aid of Miss Murry they were keeping well up in their studies, and Mark, fully realizing what an aid she was in their advancement, would no longer accept any money remuneration for her board, telling her that she far more than paid for her board, and often in purchasing articles of dress for the girls. Miss Murry was not forgotten.

The Ellis children had been taught to attend Sunday school, and each Sabbath found them within the church edifice in Summerdale. It is not strange that the members became interested and were among the best patrons of the Ellis boys' market wagons.

Colonel Robins had kept close watch on the young farmers, and had given Mark much advice which he had profitably followed, and hardly a day passed that the young man did not call some time during one statement that the Colonel had made to him some months before, when noting the progress they were making. It was this:

"There is nothing, my boy, that succeeds like success, and success never comes to those who do not work for it."

"I am working for it," he thought, "and I think I am in a fair way of achieving it. The Colonel's remark stimulated me—'Nothing succeeds like success.'"

This charming story of farm life will be continued in next week's Ledger. Each person who subscribes for the Ledger is entitled to our free cameras and patterns, as announced in issues of March and fifteen.

Great Man's Sentiments.

"I feel well pleased," said the great captain of industry, addressing his third assistant secretary, "to write a magazine article on how to become a magnate. I want you to get up something that will reflect credit on me and make my friends wonder at my literary style."

Three days later the great man read the article, to which he now was signed, and again addressing his third assistant secretary, said:

"This is excellent. My reasoning is perfectly clear. Any person who can read after reading this article of mine start right out and become a captain of industry is a hopeless dunce, and deserves no success. My logic can't be beat, my literary style is perfect. I have free and easy command of a whole lot of big, fine-sounding words that I don't know the meaning of, but they look well, and I am mighty proud of my ability as a writer.

"In fact, I've written a better article than this one of mine on how to get to the front. Some instructions needed how to secure the best returns for the efforts expended; where, when and how to begin—in fact, something to start me briefly set forth that I don't see how any one can read them without understanding why I have climbed to the top.

"That's a mighty good point you make there about the importance of asking for what's wanted, too. That's always been a point of my success. People don't come to people in this world. You've got to reach for them, and if you don't see what you want, you've got to ask somebody to pass it along. I'd be mighty sorry if you'd forget to put that in. Everybody who reads me will at once recognize them as my sentiments.

"What! Raise your salary? Young man, do you know 5 cents a week is a whole lot more than you're worth? You ought to get down on your knees every day and thank me for keeping you here. I'm a liberal-minded man, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm to get $20 for this article, and I'll give you $19 of it as a present, just to convince you that I'm generous to a fault.

"I'm glad you see in that passage about honesty being needed by a man who's trying to get to the front. It's use of anybody trying to win without it."

Doctor's Dream.

The physician, who had put in a long hard day, had just sought his couch and sank into slumber when the jangling of the telephone bell aroused him. With a groan he went to answer.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello! Is this Dr. Curem?"

"Yes."

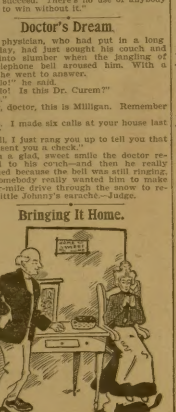
"Say, doctor, this is Milligan. Remember me?"

"Yes. I made six calls at your house last week."

"Well, I just rang you up to tell you that I had sent you a check."

With a glad, sweet smile the doctor returned to his couch—and then he really wakened because the bell was still ringing, and somebody evidently wanted him to make a four-mile drive through the snow to relieve little Johnny's earache.—Judge.

Bringing It Home.



Uncle Hi—I tell you, this war in the East has cost a heap.

Uncle Josiah—It's cost the storekeeper a heap for the cheese an' crackers you an' per chums have et lookin' an' talkin' about the war!

Wanted Sleep.

Mr. Upton—Whom in creation are you buying musk for?

Mr. Hardhed—For my daughter. I think if she uses that, her young men callers won't stay so late.

Waiters' Complete Manual.

The following directions, if faithfully adhered to, will make of any ambitious young man an A No. 1 waiter in any swell cafe or a dining car:

1. When you see a victim shown to your table leap hastily, at imminent danger of breaking your neck, and pull out his chair.

2. Get a glass of ice, pour water into it from the decanter. But don't hurry.

3. Place the silverware just so about the plate, and then carefully rearrange it all. After you have this fixed just to suit you, ask the victim what he will have, or, better, place the score card before his eyes with a flourish. While he is looking over the bill you might put the knife on the other side of the fork and rearrange the spoon handle.

4. Half an hour after the man has given his hurry-up order for cold roast beef you might wander slowly in and put down a small pat of butter.

5. Refill the water glass.

6. Previous to this time you are supposed to have seen to it that some door is open and letting the wind blow on your victim.

7. Hurry up to him and ask him if he feels that draft.

8. If he doesn't, open the door wider so he will feel it and let you shut it for him, making some "extra service" charge.

9. Twenty minutes after the butter is brought in you might go and set the horse radish down by the victim's plate.

10. Rearrange the silver and fill his water glass.

11. Bring in a plate of bread.

12. Ten minutes afterward it might be well to go and get the cold roast beef.

13. Two minutes later, when the man has got to leave in half a minute to make the train, help him hurriedly into his overcoat and ease him if he doesn't tip you with anything less than a dollar.

By following carefully the foregoing rules you will speedily get into the swagger cafe or dining-car waiter that no one who has had experience with the former could tell you from the real thing.

Getting Posted.

"I would like to ask you a question if you don't mind," said the old man in the street car to the man on his right.

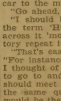
"Not at all."

"I should like to know the meaning of the term 'Yes' you repeat when I come across it 'most every day. How does history repeat itself?"

"Yes?" answered," said the other.

"Por instance, if you should ask me what I thought of the weather and I told you to go to and be hanged to you. If we should meet a month hence and you asked the same question over again my reply would be the same."

"It didn't—I think I do," mused the old man, as he leaned back and crossed his legs. "I'll get off at the next station, and I want to tell you that you are a darned mean jackass of a man and that history is going to repeat itself when I come across you for the next ten years to come."



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Before you pay a penny, call this out and send to us with your name and address and we will send you our WATCH AND CHAIN CATALOGUE FREE. Our watches are the finest made, 16 size, 7 jewel, with a fully jeweled movement and handsomely engraved case, guaranteed to pass any railroad inspection, and we will send it to you for only $3.75 and if you can buy a better watch in your town for less than $10 we will refund your money and pay the express upon $3.75 and it is yours. Our catalogue contains 1,000 other bargains in watches, diamonds, jewelry, silverware, etc. Address

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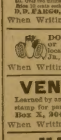
MEN CURED



If you have small, weak organs, lost power or wasting vitality, write me. Perhaps I can help you. I will restore you without drugs, electricity, appliances or apparatus and VARICOCELE permanently cured in from 1 to 6 weeks; 10,000 in use; perfect instruments; not one failure; none returned. No C. O. D. fraud. If you don't feel and see the improvement in 10 days you need not pay me a cent. Age, reference, if you write. Consultation and book free. Don't write me if you don't mean business. Any man can cure himself at home. Send for free book, and medical in plain envelope.

Acme Mfg. Co., 844 Barclay Blk., Denver, Col.

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The Sword of Fate.

(Continued from page seven.)

feet, and the young man continued:

"My deed is bad enough. I offer no excuse for it, except that the man wronged me, but—I—killed—him."

There was a wild scream, and Mrs. Richards threw herself between the self-accused murderer and the officer of the law, sobbing:

"It is false—false! He only says that to shield me! I did the deed—I, my miserable self! Here is the knife," and she flung upon the table the knife Dora had hidden that very morning.

"You see—my maiden initials are upon it, 'I. R.' You will find that the blade fits the wound. I am guilty!"

The coroner and physician took up the knife she threw down, and in an instant nodded their heads. The weapon was found.

Roland and Isabel stood looking at each other across the dead body of the man whom both claimed to have killed, then the young man said sadly:

"Gentlemen, ladies, the poor girl is trying to save me. I killed him—you can see that her hand and arm could never have struck the blow. I was almost justified, because"—his voice rose and deepened, and he looked like some avenging angel as he towered there, his hand raised—"Lucian Richards stole from me my wife," and his accusing finger pointed to Isabel as she leaned half fainting upon Jacinthe, who had sprung to her side when she made her accusation.

In the Ledger of next week another installment of this charming story will appear. With each subscription to the Ledger we give a free camera or patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

He Knew the Train.

A traveler went into a Union avenue barber shop to get a shine and decided to inquire about his train. "Say," he said, addressing the negro bootblack, "what time does the Missouri Pacific leave for St. Louis this morning?"

"Ah mean the one that makes the daylight run?" queried the negro.

"Yes, that's the one," said the man.

"It ah the train that connec's wif the one frum Leavenswuth, ain't it?" asked the bootblack as he brushed away.

"Yes."

"Runs fru Wahnsbugh?"

"Yes."

"An' Jeffahson City?"

"Yes."

"Ah knows the train yoh means, all right. Stan's on the secon' or third track, doan it?"

"I think it does."

"Changes engines—less see—wha' do that train change engines?"

"I don't Know," came from the man. "What I want to know is its leaving time."

"Ah knows jes' what yoh wants an' Ah knows jes' exactly what train you means."

"Well, when does it leave?"

"Oh, you, when do it leave? Ah's suah Ah doan' know 'bout that, boss."

One man comprises the entire police force of Iceland, which has a population of over 78,000, and an area of 40,497 miles. This officer has very little to do, and is kept more for show than for work.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

Note. The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity of construction and general excellence. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you subscribe you will like the Ledger at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give best measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do we have stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money.

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3019 GIRL'S SHORT DRESS 6-14 YRS
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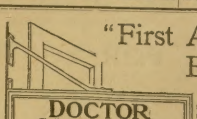
3020 FANCY BLOUSE WAIST 32-42 BUST
3034 NINE GORED WALKING SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
3007 FANCY BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST
3006 BLOUSE JACKET 32-42 BUST
3005 BLOUSE WAIST 32-42 BUST
3004 NINE GORED UMBRELLA SKIRT 22-32 WAIST
3008 FANCY BLOUSE WAIST 32-40 BUST
3015 SUN PLAITED WALKING SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
3009 HOUSE JACKET 32-42 BUST
3012 GIRL'S DRESS 6-12 YRS.
3002 CONFIRMATION OR GRADUATION DRESS 12-16 YRS.
3001 SHIRRED SURPLICE WAIST 32-40 BUST
3013 SURPLICE CORSET COVER 32-40 BUST
3004 ETON DRESSING JACKET 32-40 BUST
3003 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32-40 BUST
3033 FANCY YOKE WAIST 32-40 BUST
3011 SHIRRED SURPLICE WAIST WITH ELBOW SLEEVES 32-40 BUST
3035 SHIRT WAIST SLEEVES SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE
3036 TUCK SHIRRED YOKE WAIST 32-40 BUST

"First Aid" to the Bowels



When Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Headache, Bad Breath, Coated Tongue, Belching of Stomach Gas, or any of these forerunners of Indigestion appear, Old Dr. Cascaret wants to be right on the spot in your pocket.

He wants to check the coming trouble instantly before it can grow into a habit of the Bowels to be costive.

Ladies, who extend to Dr. Cascaret the hospitality of their Purses or their Dress Pockets, will be rewarded with a fine complexion, and healthy Happiness.

These will about fifty times repay for the trifling space occupied, and the ten cents per week at cost.

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Dr. Cascaret guarantees to cure the most obstinate cases of Constipation and Indigestion, without discomfort or inconvenience.

His medicine does not gripe nor purge, nor create a drug habit.

Because it is not a "Bile-driver," nor a Gastric-Juice Waster, but a direct Tonic to the Bowel Muscles.

It exercises naturally the muscles that line the walls of the Intestines and Bowels.

Want of Exercise weakens and relaxes these Bowel-Muscles, just as it weakens Arm and Leg muscles.

Old Dr. Cascaret goes directly after these Bowel-Muscles. He wakes them up just as a cold bath would wake up a lazy person.

Then he works them (through the nerves) till they get so strong from that Exercise that they don't need any more help to do their duty.

But Dr. Cascaret wants to be right on the spot, in your Pocket or Purse, where he can regulate these Bowel-Muscles all the time, in health, and out of health.

Because, even the strongest Bowel-Muscles may be overworked.

Heavy dinners, late suppers, whiskey, wine, or beer drinking, nervous excitement, sudden exposure to cold or heat and a dozen other every day likelihoods tire the Bowel Muscles.

In such cases a little Cascaret in time is worth fifty dollars worth of Treatment later on, to say nothing of the suffering, discomfort, loss of Business Energy, and loss of Social Sunshine it saves.

* * *

Old Dr. Cascaret carried constantly in your Vest Pocket, or in "My Lady's" Purse is the cheapest kind of Health-Insurance, and Happiness - Promotion, that ever happened.

Little thin enamel Cascaret Box, half as thick as your watch, round-cornered, smooth-edged, and shaped so you don't notice its presence.

Contains six Candy tablets—Price Ten Cents a Box at any Druggist's.

Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

Big box of tablets (to re-fill pocket-box) at 50 cents.

Carry Cascarets constantly in Vest Pocket, or Purse.

A sample and the famous booklet, "Curse of Constipation," Free for the asking. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

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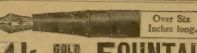

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This can be carried in your pocket, rubber, the fountain carries enough ink for 10 days' ordinary use. The pen is 14k. Gold Plate, non-corrosive; all parts can be taken apart and cleaned. It is a regular $2.50 fountain pen. Has a handsome gold mounted rubber holder. A lot of these pens done free in exchange for subscriptions to the Ledger. We will give one pen free to every one who sends two yearly subscriptions to the WOMAN'S WORLD at 25 cents each. The WOMAN'S WORLD is the best two-cent ladies' paper that we will send the pen, postpaid, at once. The WOMAN'S WORLD is illustrated, and is the best home magazine published at the low price of 25 cents a year. Remember, the pen is free for getting only two subscriptions at 25 cents each. Address WOMAN'S WORLD, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

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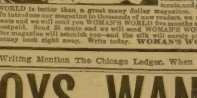

A BIG SILK OFFER.

We have made a contract for several tons of fine silk remnants—the entire lot will be given away FREE to readers of WOMAN'S WORLD. These remnants are all silk—large pieces, all the colors of the rainbow; just the right material to make crazy quilts, sofa pillows, chair cushions, pin cushions, etc. WOMAN'S WORLD is a large magazine, profusely illustrated in colors. It has a Fashion Department and Departments, Household news, household hints, fancy work, cooking, etc. Every issue is packed full of interesting reading matter for young and old. WOMAN'S WORLD is better than a great many dollar magazines. We are now printing 800,000 copies each issue. To introduce ourselves to thousands of new readers, we make you a special trial offer—send only 15 cents and we will send you WOMAN'S WORLD five months and also a large lot of these fine silk remnants. Or for 25 cents we will send you WOMAN'S WORLD one year and 2 lots of silk, postpaid. The magazine will stimulate you—and the silk will surely please you. Satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back right away. Write today. WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 24 CHICAGO, ILL.

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and everything else in proportion. *Our Big Warehouse is Overflowing* Room must be made to handle our contracts. The greatest Bargain Clearing Sale ever held. Send for catalogue and price list, FREE. Dept. E. D. LANGAN & TAYLOR, St. Louis, Mo.
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$5 a ton
is what the farmer in the Arkansas Valley of Eastern Colorado gets for all the
Sugar Beets
he can raise.
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If interested, ask Wm. Nicholson, Gen. Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 1117 Railway Exchange, Chicago.
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Little Brighteyes.

"A place for everything, and everything in its place," is a splendid plan to work upon and is usually dinned pretty often into the forgetful heads of little boys and girls. Now, everybody likes a thoughtful child, but, while neatness is a trait to be encouraged, do not overdo it.

There was once a little girl who was so anxious for everything to be at the right angle that she quite forgot the fact that it is exceedingly rude to interrupt when another person is speaking. Doris was allowed for the first time to assist in entertaining guests at her mother's "at home," but she was a very particular little lady, and when her mother dropped some cake crumbs she interrupted a most exciting story to tell her mother what had happened.

Just as the lady resumed conversation Doris discovered that a certain plant was not in its accustomed place, and the mother's attention was again taken from the story, and her visitor, watching her little daughter rearranging the vases, and tidy Doris never realized how really aggravating her behavior was until taken to task after the visitor had departed.

By all means, be tidy. Put things in their places, but don't let this very good point develop into a finicky manner. When you are older you will understand how very annoying such offices are to grown-ups. Don't let out of place trifles worry you, or, if they do, shut your eyes and don't see them.

LITTLE PRISONERS.

I know some little prisoners who never
get quite free
Except when all the pleasant world is sunny as can be.
When skies are blue and winds are soft
and flowers are blooming gay
And all the children have to do is just to
run and play.

Then out they come, these happy things
that love to stretch and grow,
And round and round the soft green lawn
they prance and go.
Until it's time for dinner, tea or else to go
to bed;
Then they splash in clear cold water till
they're glowing rosy red.

Now, I wonder could you guess it, what
we call these prisoners ten?
Well, I'll give you just a good big hint—
I'll whisper it—and then
You'll surely tell me quickly, or you can
if you choose—
I use them when I'm walking, and they
live inside my shoes.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

First Truant—Say, Billy, ain't you going home?
Second Truant—Not much. If we goes home now we gets a licking, but if we leave it till after dark we gets kissed and cuddled and given cake for not being drowned.

He Wanted Information.

Carl, aged 3, and his baby sister of 8 months, slept in the same room as did their parents. Carl woke up early and remained his still sleepy elder with question.

"Father, can a cow speak?"

"No, my child."

"Father, can a dog speak?"

The father, thinking Carl was going through the earlier list of animals that he knew, said severely:

"No animal can speak. And you must now keep quiet, for father wants to sleep."

For a long time the child remained quiet. Then, being no longer able to restrain his curiosity, he asked timidly:

"Father, what kind of an animal is baby?"

A Slight Difference.

Father—Now, look here, my boy, it you ever do that again I'll make you smart for it.

Son—You can't do it. My school teacher says I was born stupid and no power on earth can make me smart. He says I come of a stupid family.

Father—What? I'll go and see that teacher.

Selling Salt is Unlucky.

The original superstition of salt dates from the overturned salt cellar, which is found in the painting called "La Sainte-Cene." In front of the figure of Judas is carled, who would be holder-bag in which he carries the 30 pieces of silver received for betraying Christ. In the overturned salt cellar. But why did the artist, Da Vinci, put the spilled salt before Judas? Because the ancients always allowed to salt an idea of ruin and desolation. When they burned down a town they sprinkled salt over it to show that it was never to be rebuilt. Da Vinci, in his picture, wished to demonstrate that ill-gotten gains never could be profitable.

A B C of Bad Grammar.

Which tense does an army in camp prefer to use? Perfect tense.

Give an example of the imperfect tense. Pretense.

Give another. Impotence.

Of the future tense. The expected circus.

In the sentence, "The officer who orders the men to storm the breastworks," in what mood is "The officer who orders the men?" The indicative.

The Cable Steamer Signal.

The "telegraph" steamer is a vessel employed to lay down or pick up a telegraph cable, and every other boat, large or small, is obliged to keep out of the way. As a danger signal to other crafts the "telegraph" steamer displays two red balls with a white diamond between them, and if the vessel is moving through the water the red and green side lights are also exhibited.

THE ABSURD ALPHABET.

A was an Ant
Whose money was scant,
So she sold Apple pies
To Bluebottle flies.
Affable Ant.

B was a Bear
Who head up his hair;
He said "I opine
My appearance is fine!"
Beautiful Bear.

C was a Crow
Who calmly said, "Oh,
I will take a large pail
And gather some hail."
Crazy old Crow.

D was a Doe
Who wanted to know
If thirteen and seven
Would ever make eleven.
Dubious Doe.

E was an Eagle
Who said "I'd look regal
If I wore a gown
And a crockery crown."
Excentric Eagle.

F was a Fawn
Who sat on the lawn,
And held over head
A parasol red.
Frivolous Fawn.

G was a goat
Who wrote a short note;
But ere he could date it
He thoughtlessly ate it.
Greedy old Goat.

H was a Hare
Who went to the fair;
He bought him a fan
And a catamaran
Humorous Hare.

I was an Ibex
Who said "Seems to me
I could be a Bear
If I wanted to be."
Innocent Ibex.

GOOD NIGHT, GOOD MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night."

Such a number of rocks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night."

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed,
The sheep said "Baa!" from the clover down over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night."

She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head:
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy put up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

More Bible Criticism.

"And you claim that Job was a patient man?"

"Yes. Job was the most patient of men."

"Humph. Why, he fairly boiled over."

Baby, when into the skies
You look with your wide blue eyes,
Do you see yourself afloat
In a shining little boat,
Drifting by shore cloudy isles
Where the sunset evening smiles?
Baby, soon your feet will be
By the margin of a sea
That we all must sail upon
When the baby days have gone.
When a traveling you go
May no angry weathers blow,
Nor a wind as soft as May
Blow you gently on your way.